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# A CHOICE COLLECTION

—OF—

# SPIRITUAL HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND FAMILY DEVOTION,

AND DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF THE

**Evangelical United Mennonites**

AND

ALL LOVERS OF ZION.

Mennonite Brethren in Christ

GOSHEN, IND.:
PUBLISHED BY THE E. U. MENNONITE PUB. SOCIETY.
1881.

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# PREFACE.

THE want of a Church Hymn Book, suitable for private and public devotion, having been felt by the ministry and laity of the Evangelical United Mennonite Church, a committee was appointed by the general conference of 1879, held at Blair, Ont., Canada, to compile such a work as would meet the demand. The result of the labors of said committee is this collection of "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," which sweetly and earnestly breathe forth expressions of prayer, gratitude and resignation to God. That this work may advance the honor and glory of our precious Redeemer, and aid in the furtherance of His kingdom on earth, and prove a blessing to the salvation of mankind, is the desire and prayer of the committee into whose hands this matter was entrusted.

For the sake of convenience, special attention has been paid to the classification of the various

hymns under their respective heads. Besides the usual table of contents and index of first lines, the compilers have arranged a metrical index, which will be of important service to ministers, and leaders of singing in public worship.

With the hope that the Gospel gems embraced in this collection may be sung into many a heart, this book is presented to the church and christian public by

THE COMMITTEE.

GOSHEN, Ind., 1881.

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# METRICAL INDEX.

METRE signifies measure, as applied to musical verse. The various metres are designated by letters and figures, as follows:

*No. of syllables in each line.*

S. M. denotes Short Metre, containing... ..... 6, 6, 8, 6
C. M. denotes Common Metre, containing ..... 8, 6, 8, 6
L. M. denotes Long Metre, containing ..... 8, 8, 8, 8
S. P. M. denotes Short Peculiar Metre, containing. 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8
As, "To God, the Father, Son,"
C. P. M. denotes Common Peculiar Metre, ..... 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6
As, "Come on, my partners in distress."
L. P. M. denotes Long Peculiar Metre, contain'g 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8
As, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."
H. M. denotes Hallelujah Metre, containing.... 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8
As, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow."
C. H. M. Common Hallelujah Metre, containing.. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8
As, "Go watch and pray, thou canst not tell."
M. 7s. denotes Metre Sevens, containing..... 7, 7, 7, 7
As, "Children of the heavenly King,"
P. M. 8s. denotes same as L. M., but peculiar in accent,
As, "How tedious and tasteless the hours."
M. 8s & 7s. denotes A measure of ..... 8, 7, 8, 7
As, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing."
M. 8s, 7s & 4. A measure of..... 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7
As, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."
) M. 7s. & 6s. or, A measure of..... 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6
) Regular Iambic. As, "From Greenland's icy mountains."
) M. 7s 6s, or A measure of the same ..... 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6
) Irreg. Iambic, As, "Drooping souls, no longer grieve."
M. 6s & 4s. A measure of..... 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4
As, "My country, 'tis of thee."
M. 10s. denotes A measure of..... 10, 10, 10, 10
As, "Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move."
M. 10s & 11s. A measure of ..... 10, 11, 10, 11
As, "O, tell me no more of this world's vain store."
M. 11s. A measure of..... 11, 11, 11, 11
As, "I would not live alway," &c.
M. 12s. A measure of..... 12, 12, 12, 12, 12
As, "The voice of free grace." &c.
P. M. Peculiar Metre, and is irregular in measure,
As, "Saw ye my Savior," containing .... 5, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5
or, "Come, let us anew," &c. ..... 10, 5, 11, 12, 6, 12
or, "O come, come away," ..... 12, 8, 5, 8, 8, 6,
or, "O how happy are they," &c..... 6, 6, 9, 6, 6,
or, "How precious is the name,"..... 6, 6, 6, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6,
or, "Beyond where Kedron's waters," ..... 8, 8, 6, 8,
or, "Hail, mighty and victorious Lord," ..... 8, 8, 8, 8, 8,
or, "Behold, behold the Lamb of God,".... 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8,
or, "By faith I view my Savior dying,".... 9, 6, 9, 6, 8, 8, 8,
or, "I've sought round this verdant," &c... 8, 5, 8, 5, 6, 7, 6,
or, "The Son of man they did betray," .. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 8,

# CHOICE COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

## EXISTENCE OF GOD.

1 *Is there a God?* C. M.

Is there a God? Yon rising sun
In answer meet replies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

2 Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles;
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.

3 Is there a God? With sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
"There is," each glittering lamp of light;
"There is," my soul replies.

4 If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart,
O let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart!

2 *There is a God.* C. M.

Deny it not! There is a God—
There is a Holy One;
The stars proclaim it all abroad,
The planets and the sun.

2 His voice is heard in every clime,
Wherever man has trod,
And all his works proclaim and chime—
"There is—there is a God."

3 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the winds
That howling tempests send,
And flow'rs that bloom, and birds that sing,
The glorious faith defend.

4 The brook, that ripples on its way,
And cascade roaring loud,
In unison with conscience say—
"There is—there is a God."

## 3 *Existence of God seen in Nature.* L. M.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before him, and adore.

## 4 *Being and Maker of the Universe.* C. M.

THERE is a God who rules on high,
In realms of endless light,
Whose wisdom is unsearchable;
Omnipotent his might.

2 By him the universe was made,
With all its varied store;
He was, and is, and is to come,
He lives for evermore.

3 All that he made, he still upholds,
By his Almighty power;
In him we live, and move, and breathe,
Each moment, and each hour.

4 While saints in heaven rehearse his praise,
And sing his matchless name,
Let saints on earth his goodness show,
And spread abroad his fame.

## 5 *Nature proves the Being of God.* L. M.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

## ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

6 *God's Eternity.* C. M.

Thou didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Filled up the void of space;—

2 Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed.

3 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

4 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonished sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake.

7 *God Incomprehensible.* L. M.

Great God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

8 *Incomprehensibility of God.* L. M.

God is a name my soul adores;
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

2 From thy great Self thy being springs:
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

9 *God everywhere present.* C. M.

Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

## 10 *Omnipresence of God.* L. M.

FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain my guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

## 11 *The all-seeing God.* C. M.

Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins, before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

## 12 *God's Power.* C. M.

The Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks—and, in his heav'nly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in rev'rence bend;
Ye monarch's, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God.

## 13 *Wisdom of God.* L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To him, who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,—
The Source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge—how profound!
A depth, where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers; and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all-divine.

4 But in redemption,—O what grace!
Its wonders,—O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright:—
Praise him, my soul! with sweet delight.

## 14 *The goodness of God.* C. M.

Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise:
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-beloved Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

## 15 *God our Benefactor.* S. M.

My Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
From whence all blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

## 16 *God's Condescension.* C. M.

O Lord, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

2 When I behold the heav'ns on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

## 17 *God's Goodness.* C. M.

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;—
A spring, whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

## 18

*God is Wisdom and Love.* M. 8s. & 7s.

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
With his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

## 19 *Faithfulness of God.* C. M.

The truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.

2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
Against his heritage.

3 The rainbow round about his throne
Proclaims his faithfulness;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.

4 The hills and mountains melt away;
But he is still the same;
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

## 20 *Mercy of God.* S. M.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

## 21 *The Holiness of God.* C. M.

Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy let us sing.

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

## HOLY TRINITY.

22 *Song of Praise to the Trinity.* M. 7s.

GLORY to the Father give,
He in whom we move and live;
All our prayers he deigns to hear,
All our songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,—
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King!
Christians, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Fills his heart with just desires,
And his mind with truth inspires.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

23 *The Trinity.* C. M.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name,

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be;
Supreme, Essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

24 *Praise to the Trinity.* C. M.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The Holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

25 *Prayer to the Trinity.* L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Eternal Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

## CREATION.

### 26 *God seen in His Works.* C. M.

THERE's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loviest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

4 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

5 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

6 Around, beneath, below, above—
Wherever space extends,—
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

## 27 *God in His Works and Word.* S. M.

Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all the starry worlds on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

5 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

## 28 *God, as seen in Nature.* C. M.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

3 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

4 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
The clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

## 29 *Man's Creation and Innocency.* C. M.

JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone
In Eden's lovely pair,
And oft, before his gracious throne,
They bowed in praise and prayer.

2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
Their spotless souls were dressed;
With peace abounding, and with joy,
They were divinely blessed.

3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread
Disturbed their peace within;
No frowning storm their path o'erspread,
While undefiled with sin.

4 Thus souls renewed by saving grace,—
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
And feel an inward heaven.

## PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

30 *Gratitude for Providential Care.* C. M.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretch'd and pow'rful arm
Upholds me in my way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

31 *Mysteries of Providence.* C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

32 *Resignation and Submission.* C. M.

My God! my Father! cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
Still trust a Father's care.

5 Thy ways, great God! are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

## FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

33 *Primitive State of Man.* L. M.

ADAM in Paradise was placed,
Our natural and fed'ral head;
With holiness and wisdom graced,
In his Creator's image made.

2 Bless'd with the joys of innocence,
Upright and happy, firm he stood;
Till he debas'd himself to sense,
And ate of the forbidden food.

3 His soul at first, a holy flame,
Was kindled by his Maker's breath;
But stung by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife and death.

34 *Original and Actual Sin.* L. M.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
No flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

## 35 *By Nature, all Men are Sinners.* C. M.

Fools in their hearts believe and say
That all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men.

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

4 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

5 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found:
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

## 36 *Sin Hereditary.* C. M.

When Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 Satan in strong and heavy chains
Binds the deluded soul,
And every furious passion reigns
Without the least control.

3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined,
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears,
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.

## 37 *The Deceitfulness of Sin.* C. M.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind:
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretense,
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

## 38 *Folly and Madness of Sin.* C. M.

SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.

2 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

3 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

4 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fires assuage.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But Heaven prevents the fall.

## 39 *Dependence on the Spirit.* C. M.

How helpless guilty nature lies
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise,
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
This stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven—a vital ray—
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## 40 *Guilt and Helplessness of Man.* S. M.

AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape
But through the Savior's blood.

## 41 *Hope from the Gospel only.* S. M.

GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood;
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

42 *Man's Need of the New Birth.* C. M.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Savior, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth and blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus said the glorious Son of God.
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally depraved—
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be saved,—
"Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

6 Dear Savior, let us now begin
To trust and love thy Word;
And, by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

## 43 *Christ's Power Alone can Save.* L. M.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might th' Ethiopian,
Wash out the darkness of his skin;
The dead as well may live again,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'T will not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

## THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

44 *Value of the Scriptures.* C. M.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

45 *The Fullness of the Bible.* C. M.

Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the Fount of heav'nly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!

4 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

## 46 *Before the Reading of the Scriptures.* C. M.

JESUS, my Savior, and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read this volume o'er
With new and fresh delight;
Help me to love its Author more,
To seek thee day and night.

4 O, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

## 47 *Value and Use of the Bible.* M. 7s.

BLESSED Bible, precious word!
Boon most sacred from the Lord!
Glory to his name be given
For this blessed book of heav'n.

2 'Tis a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the richest diadems.

3 'Tis an orb more radiant far
Than the fairest evening star;
Yea, the sun outshining ev'n,
When it rides midway in heav'n.

4 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth;
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

5 'Tis an ocean, vast and clear,
In which rays divine appear,
Bearing freight, the choicest store
Ever borne the wide world o'er.

6 'Tis a mine, ay, deeper, too,
Than can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new rich gem appears.

48 *Precious Bible.* P. M.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!—
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys:
Of excess there is no danger;
Though it fills, it never cloys.
On a dying Christ I feed:
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.
Whilst the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

4 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me;
Satan trembles at his word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made;
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

## 49 *The Bible the Light of the World.* C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page?
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory breaks upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

50 *Safety in Keeping God's Precepts.* S. M.

How perfect is thy word!
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
Man may securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love:—
In faith thy word obey;
O, send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O, may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word:
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

51 *What my Bible is.* P. M.

My Bible! 'tis a book divine,
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And wisdom speaks in every line,
And speaks to me.

2 My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown—
His love to me.

3 My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings to a sinful race:
Good news to me.

4 My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed;
O! that most wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me!

5 My Bible! source of comfort pure,
To those who trials here endure,
The hope of heaven it renders sure;
Best hope for me!

6 I love my Bible! may I e'er
Consult it oft with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Savior there,
Who died for me!

52 *The Bible Suited to our Wants.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Savior's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior here.

53 *Use of the Bible.* M. 7s.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge—condemn—acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom.
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

54 *The Bible a Precious Gift.* C. M.

THE Bible is a blessed book,
In love and mercy given;
A kind conducting angel, sent
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O Lord, be thou my better part,
And may my Bible be
A guardian angel to my heart,
To lead my soul to thee.

3 Where'er I go, in joy or woe,
Thy grace, Lord, let me prove,
That I may still obey thy will,
And thy commandments love.

## 55 *Value of the Bible.* C. M.

THIS book of books I'd rather own
Than all the gold or gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
Than all their diadems.

2 Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

3 Without a doubt, this book is worth
All else to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys in heaven?

4 This is the guide our Father gave,
To lead to realms of day—
A star whose lustre gilds the grave—
"The life, the light, the way."

## REDEMPTION THROUGH CHRIST.

56 *Redemption by Christ.* C. M.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

57 *Behold the Gift of God!* S. M.

BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread,
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 Behold a Savior's love,
Who gives his flesh to eat;
Never did angels taste above,
Provisions half so sweet.

4 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've naught to buy;
To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

58 *Christ's Amazing Love.* C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

## 59 *The Love of Christ.* C. M.

How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

## 60 *Rejoicing in Jesus.* M. 7s.

Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on you move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove—
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress—
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

## 61 *Christ's Humiliation.* C. M.

And did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sov'reign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That guilty man might rise.

4 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

## CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

62 *Christ's Incarnation.* C. M.

O WHAT a blessed morn,
That brought the news from heaven:
"To us a child is born,
To us a Son is given!"
The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing, tho' all the world should blame.

2 The long-expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth;
The Savior, Christ, is born!
And angels sing his birth;—
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3 O 'tis a lofty theme!
Supplied by angels' tongues;
All other subjects seem
Unworthy of our songs.
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills—it captivates—it warms.

4 Now sing of peace divine,
Sing of good-will to man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the gracious plan;
Could find a way to save the lost,
Thyself not ceasing to be just.

5 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone;
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Savior endless praise.

## 63 *The Prince of Peace.* C. M.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forever more adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

64 *Nativity of the Savior.* M. 7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 See, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of right'ousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

65 *Titles and Kingdom of Christ.* S. M.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth!
To us a son is given;
To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven!

2 He reigns above the sky,
The universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The King Messiah reigns!

3 Th' almighty God is he,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of Peace!

4 His government shall grow—
From strength to strength proceed;
His right'ousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

5 Rejoice in God our King!
His name we will adore;
Let heav'n and earth unite to sing,
And triumph evermore.

## 66 *Humiliation and Character of Christ.* M. 7s.

Bright and joyful was the morn,
When to us a child was born;
From the highest realms of heav'n
Unto us a Son was giv'n.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Pow'r and majesty—and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

## 67 *Birth of Christ.* C. M.

On Judah's plains as shepherds sat,
Watching their flocks by night,
The angel of the Lord appear'd,
Clad in celestial light.

2 Awe-struck, the vision they regard,
Appall'd with trembling fear;
When thus a cherub-voice divine
Breathed sweetly on their ear.

3 "Shepherds of Judah! cease your fears,
And calm your troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

4 "This day Almighty love fulfills
Its great eternal word;
This day is born in Bethlehem
The Savior—Christ the Lord.

5 "Glory to God, from whom on high
All gracious mercies flow!
Who sends his heaven-descended peace,
To dwell with man below."

## 68 *Design of Christ's Advent.* C. M.

Hark! the glad sound, the Savior comes!
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from dark'ning scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

## HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

69 *The Name of Jesus Precious.* C. M.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold but sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

## 70 *Preciousness of the Savior.* C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, Savior, friend,
My prophet, priest and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end;
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So that the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

## 71 *Christ the Rock of Ages.* M. 7s.

ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow;
Should my zeal no languor know;
This for sin could not atone—
Thou must save and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

## 72 *The Hope, the Star and the Voice.* C. M.

THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice, aloud from Calv'rys height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

## 73 *Christ our Shepherd.* S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 While he affords his aid,
I'm free from every fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

4 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## 74 *Christ is All in All.* C. M.

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My All in all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst thou give me more.

4 Whate'er consists not with thy will,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since thou, O God, art mine.

## 75 *Precious Name of Jesus.* M. 8s. & 7s.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious Name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

## HIS OFFICES.

76 *Offices of Christ.* C. M.

We bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways!
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

## 77 *Jesus Teaching the People.* L. M.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way:
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

## 78 *Characters of Christ.* H. M.

Join all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his anger by:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing;
Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Savior leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

## 79 *Compassionate High Priest.* C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

## 80 *Priesthood and Kingship of Christ.* L. M.

IN Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes, large and high:
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my hope, my strength, and guide,
For me he bled, and groaned, and died;
He is my sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Savior, brother, and my Friend:
On him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth me shall befall.

5 Christ is my strength and portion too;
My soul in him can all things do;
Through him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
My soul shall death and hell outbrave.

## 81 *Our Great High Priest.* C. M.

COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven, with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below, he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
And intercedes above.

5 O! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to hear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim!

## HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

82 *Christ our Example.* L. M.

MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Savior, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

2 O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heav'nly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Savior's name,
By his example let us move.

5 But ah! how blind!—how weak we are!
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

83 *Christ our Pattern.* L. M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry, too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

## 84 *Christ our Example.* L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 That man is dead although he lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

3 But he, who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God.

## 85 *Christ's Mission Attested.* L. M.

BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive!
Behold! the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies!—the heavens in mourning stood!
He rises!—and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

## 86 *Christ Weeping.* S. M.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears!
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

## 87 *Chief Among Ten Thousand.* C. M.

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

## HIS SUFFERINGS.

88 *Godly Sorrow at the Cross.* C. M.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;—
'Tis all that I can do.

## 89 *The Savior on the Cross.* P. M.

SAW ye my Savior?—Saw ye my Savior?
Saw ye my Savior and God?
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood!

2 He was extended—He was extended,
Shamefully nailed to the cross;
O! he bow'd his head and died!
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
O! the sun refused to shine!
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed—Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
O! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man!

5 When it was finish'd—When it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre was laid.

6 Now interceding—Now interceding,
Pleads he that sinners might live;
Crying, Father, I have died;
O! behold my hands and side!
To redeem them, I pray thee, forgive.

7 I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
If they'll repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive.

## 90 *Christ's Sufferings.* C. M.

When Jesus left his shining courts,
Above the starry sky;
Came down to earth to suffer shame
And pain and bleed and die.

2 Think of the toiling life he lived,
While on this earth he staid;
What grief and anguish he endured;
Our sins on him were laid.

3 The crown of thorns he wore for us,
Upon his sacred head.
He bore it all for human guilt,
And suffered in our stead.

4 How wondrous is the love divine,
That prompted him to die;
To save a fallen, wicked race,
And raise them to the sky.

5 It is enough! O blessed Lord,
Enough that thou hast died;
I fly for refuge and support,
Unto thy bleeding side.

## 91 *A Voice from the Cross.* C. M.

HARK! from the cross a gracious voice
Salutes my ravished ear—
"Rejoice, thou ransomed soul, rejoice,
And dry that falling tear."

2 "Sinner," he cries, "behold the head
This thorny wreath entwines;
Look on these wounded hands, and read
Thy name in crimson lines.

3 These wounds I bear, these pains I feel,
This anguish rends my breast,
That I may save thy soul from hell,
And give thee endless rest."

4 Thy power, the sweetness of that voice,
My stony heart can move,
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

5 No more my heart neglected lies,
With silent, broken strings;
From earth my soul has learnt to rise,
And mount on eagles' wings.

6 My dying Savior's wondrous love
On earth employs my tongue;
And when I walk in white above,
That love shall be my song.

## GETHSEMANE.

92 *Agony in the Garden.* C. M.

DARK was the night and cold the ground
On which the Savior lay;
His sweat like drops of blood is found;—
In sorrow hear him pray:—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

93 *Gethsemane.* C. M.

LISTEN, my soul, while Jesus prays
In dark Gethsemane;
"Father, if it be possible,
Remove this cup from me!"

2 What must have been the bitter draught
Of that mysterious cup!
"Nevertheless thy will be done!
Content, I drink it up."

3 Then on the cold and midnight ground
He bows his sacred face;
Tortured with unknown agony,
More earnestly he prays.

4 Angels support his sinking frame;
Blood oozes from his veins;
My wond'ring soul, hence learn the weight
Of thy Redeemer's pain.

## 94 *Christ's Midnight Prayer.* L. M.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone—
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suff'ring Savior prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all remov'd,
The Savior wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from other plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

95 *Gethsemane.* C. M.

My Jesus, I would ne'er forget
That hour I spent with thee;
When there I saw thy bloody sweat
In dark Gethsemane.

Cho.—I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget,
I'll ne'er forgetful be,
When there I saw thy bloody sweat
In dark Gethsemane.

2 'Twas in that olive press I felt
That thou didst bleed for me;
Alas! how great I saw my guilt,
While in Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

3 I thought of how thy heart did throb,
While 'all' thine own did flee,
And left thee with the cruel mob,
In sad Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

4 'Twas there I felt my guilt and shame
In oft forsaking thee;
How precious was thy very name
In dear Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

5 Should e'er our love to thee grow cold,
And we forgetful be,
We'll call to mind thy love untold
While in Gethsemane.—*Cho.*

96 *The Brook of Kedron.* M. 11s.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Savior, at midnight, when moon-light's pale beam
Shone bright on the water, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

*Chorus :*

Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet,
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.
*Chorus.*

3 O Garden of Olives, thou dear, honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above:
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!
*Chorus.*

## HIS CRUCIFIXION AND DEATH.

97 *Christ Crucified.* L. M.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 98 *Christ's Dying, Rising and Reigning.* L. M.

He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death! where is thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

## 99 *The Expiring Savior.* M. 8s. 7s. & 4.

HARK the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

## 100 *Death of Christ on the Cross.* C. M.

BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 "My God!" he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis finished!"—now the ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries:
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

## 101 *"It is Finished."* L. M.

'TIS finish'd so the Savior cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died!
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Savior of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this my last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love and happiness again,
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound,
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly,
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

## 102 "*Behold the Man.*" L. M.

SINNER, behold, behold the Man!
The Man of grief, condemned for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood!
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 O thou dear suffering Son of God!
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

5 At thy last gasp, the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O, that our souls might burst the shade
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

## 103 *The Hallowed Cross.* C. M.

THE cross! the cross! the bloodstain'd cross!
The hallow'd cross I see!
Reminding me of precious blood,
That once was shed for me.

CHO.—Oh, the blood! the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me;
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 That cross! that cross! the heavy cross,
My Savior bore for me,
Which bowed him to the earth with grief,
On sad Mount Calvary.—*Cho.*

3 How light! how light! this precious cross,
Presented to my view;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.—*Cho.*

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine,
When Jesus I shall see.—*Cho.*

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of woe,
And points to joys above.—*Cho.*

## 104 *Christ's Benevolence.* M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6.

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone:
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

## HIS ATONEMENT.

105 *Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.* C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

106 *The Atonement Completed.* L. M.

'TIS finished!—the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,—
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished!—all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfill'd;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are seal'd;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

## 107 *Christ Our Sacrifice.* S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

## 108 *God Reconciled in Christ.* C. M.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human form I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terror to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

## 109 *The Lamb of God.* C. M.

O LAMB of God! O Lamb of God!
O Lamb for sinners slain!
And didst thou shed thy precious blood,
To purge my guilty stain?

2 Yes, Lamb of God, for me, for me
Thy precious blood was spilt!
The streams that crimson'd Calvary
Shall wash away my guilt.

3 O Lamb of God! such grief and love
Should melt my weeping eyes;
Yet tears could not one stain remove
Though they to floods should rise.

4 O Lamb of God! let me but lay
My head upon thy brow;
And give myself to thee away,
Just now, dear Lord, just now.

## HIS RESURRECTION.

110 *Christ's Resurrection.* P. M.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, the Savior quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See the Conqu'ror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road
Hail, and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

111 *The Illustrious Morn.* C. M.

ON this illustrious, joyful morn,
Our Savior left the grave;
Was then declared the Son of God,
With mighty power to save.

2 Come, humble souls, and see the place
Where once the Savior lay;
New string your harps, attune your songs,
And hail the solemn day.

3 In lofty accents praise his name,
Who thus in triumph rose;
Who broke the iron bands of death,
And trampled on his foes.

4 Sing loud hosannas to your King,
The Lamb that once was slain;
For you the royal victim died,
For you he rose again.

112 *Joy Arising from the Resurrection.* S. M.

"THE Lord is ris'n indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinners cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
The grave has lost its prey;
With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed;"
Attending angels hear:
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

## 113 *Christ Conquered Death.* C. M.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.]

5 [Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

## 114 *Our Risen Lord.* C. M.

THE Savior ris'n, to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day, a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By the creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Naught can forbid his rise;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

5 Let us his righteousness disclose;
His death and rising show;
Till he return to banish woes,
And bless his saints below.

## 115 *The Resurrection of Christ.* M. 7s.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gate of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again, our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Wher's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou!

## 116 *Resurrection of Christ.* H. M.

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Savior left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:

In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:

With joy they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead,
"The Lord, who bled, | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
"The Lord, who bled, | No more to die."

## HIS ASCENSION.

117 *Ascension and Reign of Christ.* C. M.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne:
He loved that ancient race;
But now he calls the world his own:
The heathen taste his grace.

## 118 *Ascension Day.* M. 7s.

HAIL the day that sees him rise
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the splendid triumph waits—
"Lift your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Let the King of glory in!"

3 Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height—
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Follow thee beyond the skies;

4 There forever to remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

## 119 *Triumphal Ascension of Christ.* L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!

## HIS CORONATION.

120 *Coronation of Christ.* C. M.

All hail, the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

## 121 *Crown Him Lord of All.* C. M.

INSPIRE our souls, thou heav'nly Dove,
On thee we humbly call;
Come, warm our hearts with Jesus' love,
To crown him Lord of all.

2 The saints who now in glory shine,
And triumph o'er the fall,
In concert join with notes divine,
To praise him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, who now in him believe,
Whose crimes are bitter gall,
Pardon, and grace from him receive,
And own him Lord of all.

4 The day will come when ev'ry voice,
On this terrestrial ball,
Aloud shall sing, exult, rejoice,
To hail him Lord of all.

5 All heav'n, in one admiring throng,
Before him prostrate fall,
And join in sweet seraphic song,
To crown him Lord of all!

## HIS INTERCESSION.

122 *The Believer's Surety.* H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
A bleeding sacrifice
In thy behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary:
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

## 123 *Christ's Intercession.* M. 8s. & 7s.

JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There on high thou dost abide;
All the heav'nly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## 124 *Christ our Advocate.* C. M.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Savior's love;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;
"Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am."

5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

125 *His Speaking Blood.* P. M.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above;
From impending wrath release us;
Manifest thy pard'ning love.

2 Oh receive us to thy favor,—
For his only sake receive;
Give us to the bleeding Savior,—
Let us by his dying live.

3 To thy pard'ning grace receive them,—
Once he prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out—Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me.

4 Still our Advocate in heaven,
Prays the prayer on earth begun,—
Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!

126 *An Advocate with the Father.* L. M.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,—

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fullness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell are but the want of thee;
My life, my only heaven thou art;—
Oh might I feel thee in my heart.

## HIS REIGN.

127 *Prayer for the Reign of Christ.* C. M.

JESUS, immortal King, arise!
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sky
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known!
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored!
And earth with all her millions shout,
Hosanna to the Lord.

128 *Christ's Reign.* S. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all the works of grace.

## 129 *The Universal Victory of the Cross.* S. M.

JESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad,
The vict'ry of his cross.

## 130 *Rejoicing in Christ's Triumphs.* L. M.

REJOICE, for Christ, the Savior reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Savior and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquest still increase,
His foemen's pow'r may he subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lofty as his love.

## 131 *Christ Enthroned.* P. M.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne—
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth,
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

## 132 *All Knees Shall Bow Before Him.* P. M.

ARABIA's desert-ranger,
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory comes to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

2 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

33 *The Holy Spirit.* M. 7s.

HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come;
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,—
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

134 *Prayer for Pentecostal Showers.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with the fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 Oh 't was a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.

3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We want the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

5 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

135 *Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

136 *Sovereignty of the Spirit.* C. M.

THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please:
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2 He molds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood;
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life and joy;
None can thy mighty power control
Or shall thy work destroy.

137 *Prayer to the Spirit.* M. 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

138 *The Holy Ghost Almighty.* S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord—
The spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind—
One soul, one feeling breathe:

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To praise, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of Truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

## 139 *Pleading for the Spirit.* H. M.

O thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heav'nly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heav'nly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love:
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our longing souls to rise.

## 140 *Love, Repose, Assurance.* C. M.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear opprest;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin my be;
That we in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God:
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

## 141 *The Holy Ghost the Creator.* L. M.

COME, O Creator, Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Paraclete! to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above.

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

142 *Prayer to the Holy Spirit.* S. M.

BLEST Comforter divine!
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above.

2 Thou—who with "still small voice,"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay:

3 Thou—whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear.

4 Thou—who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter!—to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

## 143 *The Savior's Legacy.* L. M.

JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, we pray, fulfill:
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,—
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on each faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,—
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

## THE GOSPEL.

## 144 *The Joyful Sound.* C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

## 145 *Whoever will, let him Come.* C. M.

O! WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore and bless.

## 146 *The Gospel Obeyed or Resisted.* L. M.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man that hears my word,
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favor of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Does his own soul an injury;
Fools, that against my grace rebel,
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

## 147 *The Gospel Jubilee.* H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet! blow
The gladly-solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption in his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Servants of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold the Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## 148 *The Law and Gospel Contrasted.* S. M.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold, how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous thought.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

## 149 *The Power of the Gospel.* L. M.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised and cloth'd afresh;
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew—
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

## 150 *Praise for the Gospel.* P. M.

COME, let our voices raise
A song of grateful praise,
And thankful love;
Let each a tribute bring,
Let all awake and sing
Praise to our heav'nly King,
Who dwells above.

2 The gospel's sacred page
Reveals to every age
Salvation free.
O, send the joyful sound,
And let it echo round,
Till praises loud resound,
O God, to thee!

3 Accept our off'rings, God,
To spread thy truth abroad,—
Our labors own:
At length at thy right hand,
May we together stand,
And, with the angel-band,
Surround thy throne!

## 151 *The Gospel's Call.* M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken;
'Tis the God that reigns on high;
He, whose law the world has broken,
Sends you tidings of great joy:
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest ye die.

2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings;
Here's a fountain, O, draw near it!
Open'd by the King of kings:
Living water,
Thence in streams eternal springs.

3 Sinner, hear—why will you perish?
Death to life, O! why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you:
Happy they who learn of her.

## 152 *The Gospel Banner.* M. 7s. & 6s.

Now be the Gospel Banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout Hosanna,
Re-echo'd through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

## EXHORTATION.

153 *Delay Not.* M. 11s.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand;
What pow'r then, O, sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

## 154 *Sinners Entreated.* C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard!
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

## 155 *He Justifieth the Ungodly.* C. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you Christ suffered pain;
For you the Savior spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might enter heav'n;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiv'n.

4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

156 *Expostulation.* M. 7s, double.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you, why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.

4 Will ye let him die in vain?—
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

5 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

6 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

## 157 *Exhortation to Old and Young.* C. M.

DEAR people, all attention give,
And hear what I do say:—
I long your precious souls should live
In everlasting day.

2 Remember, you are hast'ning on
To death's dark, gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

3 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my precious friend;
Where do you then expect to go?
O! what will be your end?

4 Pray, meditate, before too late,
While in a gospel land;
Behold, King Jesus at the gate
Most lovingly doth stand.

5 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend?
Will you pursue the dangerous race,
Regardless of the end?

6 Will you pursue the awful road,
That leads to death and hell?
Will you rush on, bold foes to God,
With devils for to dwell?

7 Young women, too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament and cry.

8 Come old, come young, who feel your guilt,
The fountain's open'd wide;
For you that precious blood was spilt,
That flow'd from Jesus' side.

9 Here you may drink in endless joy,
And sing redeeming love,
Till golden harps your souls employ,
In praising Christ above.

## 158 *Free Will.* L. M.

KNOW, sinners, every one is free
To choose his course, and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is giv'n:
That God will force no man to heav'n.

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct aright,
Bless us with wisdom, love and light:
In nameless ways be good and kind;
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well,
E'en brutes might think of heav'n or hell.

4 O, then, no more your pow'rs abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose!
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

5 But if you take the downward road,
And make in hell your last abode;
Our God is clear, and you shall know
You plung'd yourselves in endless woe!

## 159 *Watch and Pray.* P. M.

Go watch and pray: thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold, the caverns dark with death
Before you open lie!
The heav'nly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

160 *All Things Earnest.* M. 7s.

TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 Heav'n is earnest: solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
O thou mortal! art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

4 Hell is earnest: fiercely roll
Burning billow near thy soul.
Woe to thee, if thou abide
Unredeem'd, unsanctified.

5 God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away—
Ere he set his judgment throne—
Vengeance ready—mercy gone.

6 Christ is earnest—bids thee "come;"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn the Savior's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

161 *If the Lord be God, Serve Him.* S. M.

LET Joshua's solemn charge,
To Israel's army giv'n,
Persuade the souls of all, this day
To choose the God of heav'n.

2 How blessed is the choice,
To love and serve the Lord!
May he each heart constrain to trust
Upon his sacred word.

3 This will afford us joy,
In every scene of grief;
From hence will flow our daily peace,
Our comfort and relief.

4 Amid our doubts and fears,
Our choice of God will prove,
That he first chose us by his grace,
As subjects of his love.

5 May sinners round us see,
How wise was Joshua's choice;
And feel constrain'd by sovereign love,
In Jesus to rejoice.

## 162 *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.* L. M.

Behold the Savior at thy door;
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O! lovely attitude! he stands,
With melting heart and outstretch'd hands!
O! matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him—for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
Admit him—or the hour's at hand,
When at his bar, denied you'll stand.

6 Open my heart, Lord, enter in—
Slay every foe, and conquer sin;
I now to thee my all resign—
My body, soul, shall be all thine.

## 163 *Fear the Lord.* S. M.

YE sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your soul away.

2 Soon will the harvest close;
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured angry God,
Will hear your prayers no more.

3 Then, while 'tis called to-day,
O hear the gospel sound;
Come, sinner, haste—oh haste away,
While pardon may be found.

## AWAKENING.

164 *The Impenitent Warned.* S. M.

DESTRUCTION's dang'rous road,
What multitudes pursue!
While that, which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living door;
But they, who will not leave their sin,
Must perish evermore.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They think so many can't be wrong
And miss a happy end.

5 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ remains still small,
And none are safe, but they.

6 Lord, open sinner's eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

## 165 *Sinner, Prepare to Meet God.* M. 7s.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow?
For his judgment stand prepar'd—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes—
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace—
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

## 166 *Sinners Counselled.* C. M.

YE unconverted, careless souls,
Wake up, and turn to God:
Or else you'll surely be condemn'd,
And fall beneath his rod.

2 For in the Bible it is said,
By him who cannot lie,
"Repent, believe, be born again—
The soul that sins shall die."

3 Now, sinners, lay this well to heart,
And turn without delay;
O, hasten to the Savior's arms
Whilst it is call'd to-day.

4 It is your wisdom so to do,
'T will be your int'rest too:
Then be entreated now to come
To Christ, who died for you.

## 167 *The Sinner Exhorted.* L. M.

SINNER, O, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Why speed the flight to worlds unknown—
Regardless of thy destiny?

2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly despise the Savior's blood,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Sinner, O, lift thy thoughts above,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his wond'rous love—
Forever telling, yet untold!

## 168 *The Sinner Warned.* M. 7s.

HASTE, O sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Death may thy poor soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

169 *Destruction Awaits the Rebellious.* C. M.

SINNER, how oft hath God reprov'd,
And fill'd thee with distress!
Yet still thou perseverest in
The paths of wickedness.

2 Sudden destruction soon will come
On those who thus rebel;
Eternal vengeance will consign
Their guilty souls to hell.

3 O, tremble at the awful thought,
And yield to sov'reign grace,
Lest God should say, "I'll strive no more,"
And frown thee from his face.

170 *The Hypocrite.*—Job 27: 8. S. M.

LET hypocrites attend,
And view their awful state—
Consider well their latter end,
Before it be too late.

2 Religion's form is vain,
While we deny its pow'r:
What will the hypocrite obtain
In death's tremendous hour?

3 Now, he may credit gain,
And in his afflu'nce roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.

4 Then, O, what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay!
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away.

5 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere,
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

## 171 *The Accepted Hour.* C. M.

Now is the time, th' accepted hour:
O, sinners, come away;
The Savior's knocking at your door;
Arise without delay.

2 O don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.

3 Then, where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace;
When you your injured judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

4 O let not all these calls be vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in black despair.

172 *No Probation in the Grave.* L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair
No sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away!
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

173 *The Doomed Man.* C. M.

THERE is a time—we know not when—
A point—we know not where,—
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a time—by us unseen—
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath,

3 O! where is this mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crost;
Beyond which, God himself has sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is call'd to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

## 174 *The Alarm.* P. M.

STOP, poor sinners! stop and think,
Before you further go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar:
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply!

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,—
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,—
Those who now despise his grace,—
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

175 *Time is Short.* C. M.

The time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! sinners beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of your salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels now
To Christ, the Lord, submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come,
Soon shall you hear the bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

6 The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

## 176 *Timely Warning.* C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart."

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

177 *Voice of Repentance.* C. M.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatched abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Savior now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

178 *The Coming of the Day.* C. M.

THE day approacheth, O my soul!
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day, more awful, dawns;
And, lo! the Judge appears;
Ye heavens retire before his face,
And sink ye darkened stars!

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

## 179 *Repent, Vain Man.* C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent!—thy end is nigh!
Death at the farthest, can't be far—
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defense—
His time there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

180 *Warning.* L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there:
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command?
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

## PENITENTIAL.

181 *The Convicted Sinner.* L. M.

WITH aching heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries:
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now I saw no danger nigh,
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth and growing years;
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due:
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look and anxious cry,
"O, save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

182 *Sin Lamented.* S. M.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come;
Oh! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I'll not disown,
Some secret bosom sin.

6 My God, now search me through,
My inmost heart now try;
Oh, break my will, thy will to do,
And save me, lest I die.

183 *Godly Sorrow.* C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm!
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

## 184 *Seeking Deliverance and Rest.* L. M.

AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love;—
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruined nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

## 185 *The Mercy Seat.* C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "thou hast died."

5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

186 *I Want to be a Christian.* P. M.

I WANT to be a Christian,
And be from sin set free—
To feel that Jesus' precious blood
Was shed indeed for me.
I'd rather be a Christian,
And bear the rude world's frown,
Than dwell in courts of pleasure,
And wear a regal crown.

2 I want to be a Christian,
And in my Savior trust;
That when this body lies in death,
And turns again to dust,

My soul may be with Jesus,
In that bright world above,
Where grief comes not, nor sorrow,
But all is joy and love.

3 I want to be a Christian,
And as a Christian live;
And pray that God would unto me
His Holy Spirit give,
To lead me in the pathway,
Which my Redeemer trod;
And so, by following Jesus,
Prepare to meet my God.

4 I want to be a Christian,
And die the Christian's death,
To whisper Jesus' sacred name
With an expiring breath;
And then in realms of glory,
To heaven's Eternal King,
I would with powers immortal
Loud hallelujahs sing.

## 187 *The Sacrifice of a Broken Heart.* L. M.

THOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise
A broken heart for sacrifice?

3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemned to die.

188 *Just as I am.* L. M.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am; and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

189 *Remember Me.* C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

Cho.—Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me:
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.

4 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

5 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then oh, my great Redeemer, God!
I pray remember me.

## 190 *Knocking at the Door of Mercy.* C. M.

Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 Without thy grace, we sink, oppressed,
Down to the gates of hell;
Oh give our troubled spirits rest,—
Our gloomy fears dispel.

3 'Tis mercy, mercy, now we plead;
Let thy compassion move;
Mercy, that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.

4 In mercy, now, for Jesus' sake,
O God, our sins forgive;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And, breaking, bid us live.

191 *Confession and Pardon.* S. M.

My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

2 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies!
And yet, and yet—O matchless grace!—
Thy thunder silent lies.

3 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie:
Submit my soul, my all, to thee,
And weep, and love, and die.

4 "Rise," says the Savior, "rise;
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains."

5 See, God is reconciled!
Behold his smiling face!
Let sinners in his love rejoice,
And sound aloud his grace.

## 192 *Fullness of Christ.* M. 7s.

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppress,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You who mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O, turn and live;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

4 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's pow'r;
On the risen Lord rely:
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

## 193 *Burden of Guilt.* C. M.

WITH guilt oppress'd, bow'd down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh;
Remove this heart of stone.

2 A burden'd sinner, lo! I come,
In dread of death and hell:
O, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.

3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find,
Till thy dear cross I see;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
"The Savior died for me."

4 O, give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view;
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

194 *The Contrite Sinner.* C. M.

O THOU! whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Thy word of promise cannot fail,
My tower of safe retreat.

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

195 *The Conquering Love of Jesus.* C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,—
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Savior's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heav'n;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiv'n.

196 *Prayer for Contrition.* L. M.

O GIVE me Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins, which have thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O! could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wond'rous sight!
O! that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Savior die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,—
O! give me Jesus, or I die.

5 O Lord! deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt:
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

## 197 *Godly Sorrow.* M. 7s.

SOV'REIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, O, hear my ardent cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace!

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart:
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, O, soothe the troubled breast;
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

5 Then my happy soul shall sing
Glory to my heav'nly King,
Whose most precious blood can cleanse
All the earth-born sons of sense.

## INVITATION.

198 *The Good Resolve.* C. M.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish If I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

199. *The Invitation Hymn.* M. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

## 200 *The Gospel Feast.* L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
There needs not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 The Lord hath sent to you the call;—
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world, come sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sins oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest:
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God receive;
You all may come to Christ and live,
O! let his love your souls constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

## 201 *Just as Thou Art.* P. M.

JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner, come.

3 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest,
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts opprest—
O weary sinner, come.

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come.

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come.

6 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come:
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come:
Thy Savior bids thee come.

## 202 *Disconsolate Invited.* P. M.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepar'd; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

## 203 "*Come.*"—Rev. 22: 17. S. M.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say,
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;—
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so, I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come!

## 204 *Rest for the Weary Penitent.* L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling,—yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Savior! let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

## 205 *Happy Day.* L. M.

COME all, who would to glory go,
And leave this world of sin below;
Forsake your sins without delay,
Believe, and you shall win the day.

2 Oh! do not longer tarry here,
And live in sin and dark despair;
There is for you no better way,
In which you all may win the day.

3 And if your conflicts are severe,
And you have many trials here,
You only need to watch and pray,
And onward press to win the day.

4 In glory now the Savior waits,
And opens wide the pearly gates;
He stands and beckons you away;
Go on, and you shall win the day.

5 And when you reach the realms above,
Where all is harmony and love,
Then you shall join the heav'nly lay,
And sing and shout, "I've won the day!"

## 206 *Christ's Invitation to the Burdened.* L. M.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

## 207 *The Accepted Time.* S. M.

Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then shall the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

## 208 *The Savior's Invitation.* C. M.

The Savior calls—let every ear
Attend the heav'nly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear—
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Savior! draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

## 209 *Invitation to Come to Christ.* S. M.

COME, sinners, come to God,
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Savior's cleansing blood:
Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not, ye cannot come
For Jesus bled and died,
That none, who ask in humble faith,
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not, ye will not come;
When God vouchsafes to call;
For fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come, while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Savior's cleansing blood:
Repent, believe, obey.

210 *Come to Jesus.* Sentences.

COME to Jesus, just now.
2 He is ready, just now.
3 He is able, just now.
4 He is willing, just now.
5 O believe it, just now.
6 He is calling, just now.
7 Come, poor sinner, just now.
8 Come and welcome, just now.
9 Come, my neighbors, just now.
10 God is waiting, just now.
11 Christ is pleading, just now.
12 Get religion, just now.
13 Do not linger, just now.
14 Christ may leave you, just now.
15 Time is flying, just now.
16 Pray on, brethren, just now.

211 *Drooping Souls Encouraged.* M. 7s. & 6s.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious:—
If you do in Christ believe,
You will find him precious.
Jesus now is passing by,
And he calls you to him:
He has died for you and me,—
O! then come and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows the healing lotion:
See the purple swelling tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Gospel grace is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden!
Hence he says, "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Yet, if you on him believe,
All shall be forgiven.

4 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I will love him.
Come, my Savior, come and smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
I am guilty, poor and vile,
Yet thou canst me pardon.

5 Streams of mercy, how they flow!
Surely now I feel it:
Half has never yet been told;—
O! could I reveal it!
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O! the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now I'm found,—
Glory!—glory!—glory!

6 If no greater joys were known
In the starry region,
I would try to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory here and yonder!
Brightest angels join with me,
To adore and wonder.

## 212 *The Wanderer Recalled.* C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy contrite spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest;
The Savior's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

## 213 *And yet there is Room.* C. M.

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In extacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room!

## 214 *The Physician.*—Mark 5: 25–29. C. M.

Ye sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears,
Ye halt, ye lame, ye blind;
Come touch the garment Jesus wears—
Your healing there you'll find.

2 Surrounded with ten thousand cares,
And sad beyond degree;
Yet in this garment Jesus wears,
There's healing still for thee.

3 Come, stretch the wither'd hand to-day,
For Christ is passing by;
Your case admits of no delay,
Unless ye touch, ye die.

4 Through every crowd to Jesus press,
When sin torments the mind;
Peace, pard'ning blood and right'ousness,
In his dear name you'll find.

## 215 *Come and See.*—John 1: 46. L. M.

Jesus, dear name, how sweet it sounds!
Replete with balm for all my wounds:
His word declares his grace is free;
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to this world to bleed and die;
Jesus the God, hung on a tree:
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee—
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.

4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
This fountain open stands for thee—
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

5 No tongue can tell what glories shine
In our Immanuel, all divine;
O! that in sweetest melody,
Each heart may sing, "He died for me."

## 216 *The Wanderer Invited Home.* C. M.

RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home!
The Father calls for thee;
No longer then an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home!
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
"The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
O! now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home!
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day;

4 Return, O wand'rer, now return!
Thy God forbids delay;
O! stay not for to-morrow's sun!—
Thy life may end to-day.

## 217 *God is Love.* C. M.

COME, sinners, you, whose harden'd hearts
No fears of hell can move,
Come, hear the gospel's mildest voice,
That tells you, "God is love."

2 Thousands, once vile and base as you,
Surround the throne above;
The grace that chang'd has turn'd their hearts
To sing that "God is love."

3 O! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in glory bright,
Proclaim that "God is love."

## 218 *The Living Waters.* C. M.

At Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer;
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 The man, who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know!
The Friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteem'd a foe.

4 The sinner must the Stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore:
Behold! the living waters flow:
Come—drink, and thirst no more.

## 219 *The Happy Choice.* L. M.

To-day—if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice:
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest?
Say—will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear friends, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
Come share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then O! dear friends, a long farewell.

## 220 *The Gate Stands Open Wide.* M. 8s. & 7s.

THERE is a gate stands open wide,
And, thro' its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar
The Savior's love revealing.

CHO.—Oh! depths of mercy! can it be
That gate stands open wide for me?
Stands open wide both night and day,
Stands open wide for me?

2 It open stands for old and young,
Though filled with joy or sorrow;
The Spirit wooes your souls along,
The gate may close to-morrow.

3 O, sinner, waken from your guilt,
Nor let your heart deceive you;
For you the blood of Christ was spilt,
He's waiting to receive you.

4 O, blessed Spirit, lead me in,
And let me falter never;
Make me a victor over sin.—
I'll praise thee then forever.

## 221 *Make no Delay.* P. M.

COME to the Savior, make no delay;
Here in his word he's shown us the way;
Here in our midst he's standing to day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

*Chorus:*

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Savior, with thee
In our eternal home.

2 Come whosoever will—blessed word!
"Come unto me," your Savior and Lord;
Oh, that but all men with one accord
Would heed his voice and come.

3 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

4 Think once again, he's with us to-day;
Heed now his blest commands, and obey;
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children come?"

## 222 *There's Mercy with the Lord.* C. M.

COME, every soul, by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

## 223 *The Savior Calls.* M. 6s. & 4s.

TO-DAY the Savior calls:
Ye wand'rers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

224 *Come and Try.* M. 5s.

JESUS' precious name excels
Jordan's streams, and Salem's wells;
Thirsty sinners, come and draw,
Quench the flames of Sinai's law.

2 Fearful sinners, come and try;
Draw and drink a sweet supply;
Christ is ever full and free;
Sinner, come, where'er you be.

3 See the waters springing up,
To revive your languid hope;
Fill your vessels as it rolls,
And refresh your weary souls.

4 Lo! the Spirit now invites!
Lo! the cheerful bride unites;
Jesus calls, be not afraid,
Lo! for you the well was made.

5 Haste you to the Lamb of God,
Seek salvation in his blood;
In it there is boundless store
For ten thousand thousand more.

6 Let us still our vessels bring,
To the soul-refreshing spring;
Constant let our praises rise,
Till we drink above the skies.

## 225 *Christ's Invitation.* C. M.

AMAZING sight, the Savior stands,
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die,
To bring you to my rest:—
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

4 "Not to condemn your wretched race,
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.

5 "Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain?
Or in the glorious realms of light,
With me forever reign?

6 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiv'n?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heav'n?

## REPENTANCE.

226 *The Prodigal's Return.* C. M.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew;
The long-lost son is found!

227 *True Repentance.* S. M.

IF Jesus Christ was sent,
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one;
He would that sinners, such as we,
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'Tis not enough, to say,
We're sorry and repent;
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave
The sin we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere.
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Savior came,
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We should at once begin.

228 *Prayer for Repentance.* C. M.

O for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 O Lord! to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 O fill my heart with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will!
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

229 *The Penitent Child.* C. M.

ALTHOUGH a child, I've often sought,
To know the way to heaven;
Of Jesus I have long been taught,
But never been forgiven.

2 With sorrow deep I've ne'er confessed
How wicked I have been;
But look, O Lord, within my breast
And teach me all my sin.

3 And help me, Lord, with grief heart-felt,
To sorrow for my guilt,
Dear Jesus, cause my heart to melt,—
For me thy blood was spilt.

4 Dear Savior, now to thee I come,
To thee alone I cling;
Oh! take me to thy glorious home,
And then thy praise I'll sing.

230 *Prayer of a Repenting Sinner.* C. M.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case:
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure,
From any hand but thine.

3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint,
That worst distemper, sin.

4 It makes me deaf and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame;
And overclouds and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

6 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live with thee?

## 231 *Repentance at the Cross.* C. M.

Oh! if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O! how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my God!
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die:
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Savior bleed.

5 While, with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

## PRAYER FOR MERCY.

232 *Pleading the Promise.* C. M.

LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 O! wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

## 233 - *Unwearied Earnestness.* C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus! if I this believe,
I now shall feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul thou wilt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes:
Salvation, O, the gracious gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O, speak! and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face;
O! let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

## 234 *Imploring Mercy.* L. M.

Snow pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

## 235 *Seeking Pardon.* L. M.

LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall;
Oppressed with fears to thee I call:
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give;
O let me see thy face, and live.

3 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Savior's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

5 "Then venture, O my soul, in prayer,
For none can perish pleading there;
The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
Shall wash my load of guilt away."

## 236 *The Gospel Pool.* S. M.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my longing soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But I do still remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt and fear, and shame,
As when at first I came.

4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I?

5 But whither shall I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

6 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope and try;
Will Jesus hear a sinner pray,
And suffer him to die?

7 No, he is full of grace—
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

## 237 *Healing Mercy Implored.* C. M.

HEAL us, Immanuel! here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand:
Bless'd Savior, we are such.

2 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O help my unbelief!"

3 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made the whole."

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee, if we may;
O! send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

## 238 *Prayer for Submission.* L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O! that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping spirit cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Savior, come away!

239 *Blind Bartimeus.* M. 8s. & 7s.

"MERCY! O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus cried.
"Others by thy grace are saved,
Let it be to me applied."

2 For his crying many chid him;
But he cried the louder still;
Till his gracious Savior bade him,
"Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging he did live;
Yet he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms that none but he can give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day:"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 O that all the blind but knew him!
Or would be advis'd by me;
Sure, if they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see!"

## 240 *Prayer and Supplication.* L. M.

O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

## 241 *Prayer for Restoring Grace.* C. M.

O JESUS, I have come to thee,
My wand'rings to deplore;
Wilt thou not set my spirit free?
My fallen soul restore?

2 My sins are more than I can bear;
O speak them all forgiv'n;
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heav'n.

3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief;
My soul's deep anguish see;
And grant me now that sweet relief,
Which none can give but thee.

4 Didst thou not die that I might live,
Might live thy love to know?
O, let me now thy love receive,
And in thy favor grow.

## 242 *The Grieved Spirit Besought.* L. M.

STAY! thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare!
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Yet if thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

## 243 *The Imploring Sinner.* C. M.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 In deep distress we seek thy face,
Forgiveness to receive;
We trust our souls are taught thro' grace
Our debtors to forgive.

3 'Tis pardon, pardon we implore—
O, let thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

4 O, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy we plead;
This is the total sum:
Mercy through Christ, mercy we need;
Lord, let thy mercy come.

## 244 *Longing for an Interest in Christ.* M. 7s.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Sore distress'd with guilt am I;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain
Earthly comforts all are vain:
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt;
Mourning, at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost:
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

245 *Prepare to Meet Thy God.* S. M.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

246 *Pleading the Death of Christ.* C. M.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call!
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy right'ousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A broken and a contrite heart
Is our best sacrifice.

5 With such a sacrifice as this,
Here at thy feet I fall;
Be thou my staff and right'ousness,
My Savior and my all.

## 247 *Invocation.* C. M.

COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God, in persons three,
Bring back the heav'nly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy sinful child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me through grace forgiv'n;
The joy of holiness below,
And then the peace of heav'n.

## 248 *Wrestling with Christ.* P. M. 6 lines 8s.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain?
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

## 249 *Restore My Peace.* S. M.

And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The struggling of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

## 250 *The Sun of Righteousness.* C. M.

O SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thine all-piercing beam:
Lighten mine eyes with faith; my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quickening power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive:
Savior, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in Three,—
On thee all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to thee.

## 251 *For Perfect Peace.* S. M.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high.

2 From hell's oppressive power,
My struggling soul release;
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

3 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace,
Are both derived from thee.

4 That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

## FAITH AND SUBMISSION.

252 *Salvation by Faith.* C. M.

'Tis faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-right'ousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with pow'r, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other grounds of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet where it truly lives and reigns
All blessings it ensures.

4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' right'ousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sov'reign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace ador'd;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

253 *Desire for Victorious Faith.* C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe!
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

## 254 *The Way to Heaven.* L. M.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high-way of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight, and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am:
Nothing but self have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

## 255 *Faith that Cannot Fail.* C. M.

"LORD, I believe;" the father cried,
His suffering child who brought,
And moved by agonizing love,
The gift of healing sought,

2 And then the urgency of prayer
Blent with his tide of grief,
While tears the trembling words bedew'd,
"Help thou my unbelief!"

3 And with that contrite cry for aid,
Which from the spirit burst,
The faith was born that cast away
All pharisaic trust;

4 That resteth not in cold assent
To reason's lifeless form,
But patient bears a Savior's cross,
In sunshine or in storm;

5 And though the clouds of myst'ry press
Around this thorny vale,
Still waits, and walks, and works by love—
The faith that cannot fail.

256 *Faith a Certain Confidence.* C. M.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heav'ns and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driv'n;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heav'n.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the way,
That leads to joys on high.

## 257 *Efficacy of Faith.* C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares,
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

## 258 *A Living Faith.* C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial pow'r,
With holy triumph fill the soul,
In death's approaching hour.

## 259 *Victory over Sin Desired.* C. M.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing pow'r;
Pow'r to believe and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin;
The grace infused, the love revealed,
Thy kingdom fixed within.

3 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too,
To change this bold rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

4 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe;
So arm me with thy pow'r,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

## 260 *What Faith Is.* C. M.

FAITH is the Spirit's sweet control,
From which assurance springs;
Faith is the pencil of the soul,
That pictures heav'nly things.

2 Faith is the throb of love, that makes
Man rest on God alone;
Faith is the wondrous pow'r, that shakes
The tempter on his throne.

3 Faith is the conqu'ring host, that storms
The battlements of sin;
Faith is the quick'ning fire, that warms
The trembling soul within.

4 Faith is the smile, that plays around
The dying christian's brow:
Faith was the light, by which he found
The hope that fills him now.

5 Faith is the lamp, that burns to guide
His bark, when tempest-driven;
Faith is the key that opens wide
The distant gates of heav'n.

6 O Rock of ages, Fount of bliss!
Thy needful help afford;
And let my constant prayer be this—
"Increase my faith, O Lord."

261 *Christ our Confidence.* P. M.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dread maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

## 262 *Power of Faith.* S. M.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end to all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And make me white as snow.

## 263 *Self-dedication to the Lord.* C. M.

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness calls thee home.

2 What shall I render unto thee,
My Savior in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

3 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The cup of thy salvation take,
And call upon thy name.

4 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thy altar bow:—

5 Henceforth to thee myself I give;
With single heart and eye
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

## 264 *Faith and Works.* L. M.

In vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death:
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his work to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.

3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root;
When on its boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "a goodly tree."

4 Never did men, by faith divine,
To selfishness and sloth incline;
The christian works with all his pow'r,
And grieves that he can work no more.

## 265 *Self-dedication to God.* L. M.

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would I be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

## 266 *Nature of True Faith.* S. M.

FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 't is thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

## 267 *Charms of the Savior's Name.* C. M.

THE Savior! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Oh the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Savior, let me call the mine,
I can not wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath the cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice
My Savior and my all.

## 268 *By the Law is no Man Justified.* L. M.

NOT by the law of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretense
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole!
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!
Fain would I have my soul renewed:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardoned and subdued.

4 Oh may thy grace its power display!
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

## 269 *Faith a Substitute for Vision.* L. M.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And cheered him on his toilsome road.

## 270 *Waiting upon God.* C. M.

I waited for the Lord, my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me he did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

271 *Lord, as Thou Wilt.* P. M.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied, that he might fill me
As forth to his service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

Cho.—Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by his hand;
A messenger at his gateway,
Only waiting for his command;

Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at his will,
Willing, should he not require me,
In silence to wait on him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me,
That the world might my Savior see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To him let their voices be raised;
He is the fountain of blessing,
He only, is most to be praised.

## 272 *Jesus Leads Me.* M. 8s. & 7s.

All the way my Savior leads me:
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who thro' life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell!
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Savior leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Tho' my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Savior leads me;
Oh, the fullness of his love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;

When my spirit cloth'd immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.

## JUSTIFICATION.

273 *Forgiveness of Sins.* S. M.

O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;—
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

274 *Justification Through Faith.* C. M.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

## 275 *Victorious Faith.* M. 8s.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name:
The work of God's Spirit it is.

3 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole;

4 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

276 *Knowledge of Forgiveness.* S. M.

How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiv'n?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts to dare
The pointed darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell,
The sacred pow'r we prove:
And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heav'n, who dwell in love.

277 *The Sinner Justified.* L. M.

Blest is the man for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd
And cover'd with his Savior's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

## 278 *Imputed Righteousness.* L. M.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."

3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Savior of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue:
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

279 *Self-righteousness Abandoned.* L. M.

No more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride, I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

## CONVERSION.

### 280 *Conversion.* C. M.

CHRIST'S faithful word, his solemn pledge,
Forever shall endure;
He both the Savior and the Judge,
Hath sealed the sentence sure:

2 "Except converted, born anew,
Like children you become,
My kingdom hath no place for you,
Nor heaven a final home."

3 In vain for outward sins you mourn,
Or change from sect to sect,
Unless from love of sin you turn,
You cannot heaven expect.

### 281 *The Converted Thief.* C. M.

AS on the cross the Savior hung
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:—

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And writhing in thy blood.

4 Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy 'parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

282 *Old Things are Passed Away.* C. M.

Let earthly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 But may I hope, that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

## 283 *The Prodigal's Conversion.* C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopt the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt
'Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face:
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw and ran and smil'd;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but, O forgive!"—
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home:
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

## 284 *Praise for Conversion.* M. 8s. & 7s.

HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.
O, what mercy flows from heaven!
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior passed that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

## 285 *A Song of Praise for Conversion.* C. M.

WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

## 286 *Joy of a Remarkable Conversion.* C. M.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And own'd thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

## REGENERATION.

287 *The New Birth.* C. M.

WHILE Jesus dwelt on earth below,
Among the sons of men,
He spar'd no pains to let them know,
They must be born again.

2 We all have broke Jehovah's laws,
And guilty must remain:
Condemn'd to all the pains of hell,
Till we are born again.

3 Alas! whate'er good works we do,
His favor to obtain,
They can't our sinful hearts renew;
We must be born again.

4 Were we baptized a thousand times,
It would be all in vain;
This cannot wash away our crimes;
We must be born again.

5 The word of God is firm and sure,
And always will remain;
Eternal wrath we must endure,
Unless we're born again.

6 There's but one way for our escape
From everlasting pain;
And that is through the narrow gate
Of being born again.

288 *Regeneration by the Spirit.* C. M.

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

289 *Need of Regeneration.* C. P. M.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
Exposed to endless woe;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or else to ruin go.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell;
For death and hell drew near.
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain—
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 The saints I heard, with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,—
The sinner must be born again,—
I sunk in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,—
I felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

290 *Necessity of Renewing Grace.* C. M.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine!

## 291 *Born not of Blood, but of God.* L. M.

ASSIST my soul, my heavenly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing:
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one, through grace, that's born of God.

2 No, it was not the will of man,
My soul's new heav'nly birth began;
Nor will, nor pow'r, of flesh and blood,
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.

3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heavenly love alone confess'd;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.

4 O may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again,
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.

5 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
And thou wilt call me to my home;
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And sing and say, I'm born of God.

292 *Behold, He Prayeth.* L. M.

SINCE, Lord, thy mighty grace did call
A bloody, persecuting Saul,
Let none despair—here God displays
His sov'reign pow'r—"Behold, he prays."

2 The soul that's truly born of God,
Delights to run the heav'nly road;
He mourns for sin, and hates the ways
Which lead to death—"Behold, he prays."

3 He flies from works to Jesus' blood,
Yet proves by works he's born of God;
He runs with joy in Zion's ways,
And to his God—"Behold, he prays."

4 In heav'n each praying soul shall see
Salvation was both rich and free;
And through eternal ages raise
Their song to great Jehovah's praise.

## ADOPTION.

293 *The Gift of Love.* C. M.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sons of sinful men,
To call us sons of God!

2 Conceal'd as yet his honor lies,
By this dark world unknown—
A world that knew not when he came,
E'en God's beloved Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

4 We know, we all, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
And all his glory full disclos'd
Shall open to our sight.

## 294 *The Heirs of the Kingdom.* L. M.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
The sons of God who reigns on high,
The heirs of God beyond the sky.

3 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow
To call thee Abba—Father—too.

4 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

## 295 *Filial Obedience.* S. M.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To fill and warm my heart.

6 Children no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
Their faith shall Abba—Father—cry,
And thou the kindred own.

## 296 *Blessedness of Sonship.* P. M.

Blessed are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

4 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.

5 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled,
They are by his Spirit sealed.

## 297 *Blessedness of Adoption.* C. M.

And can my heart aspire so high,
To say,—My Father, God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father, God, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

## ASSURANCE.

298 *I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.* L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives—my ever-living Head.

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare—
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives—all glory to his name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

299 *Full Assurance.* M. 8s. & 7s.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

3 God will give thee grace and glory;
Fight thy way, and get thy crown;
Canaan's land lies just before thee—
There you'll lay your armor down.

4 Soon you'll close your earthly mission,
Soon you'll pass your pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 300 *Prayer for Assurance.* L. M.

Thou, who for sinners once wast slain,
Once dead, but now alive again,
Give me to know, to taste and prove,
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
And know myself an heir of heav'n;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

3 Then will I run the heav'nly race,
And hope to stand before thy face;
There with the ransom'd I will sing,
And praise my Savior and my King.

## 301 *Witness of the Spirit.* C. M.

Why should the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

## CONVERTS.

302 *Joy of the Convert.* P. M.

O how happy are they
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd—
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song—
O, that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me! I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted high'r,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God!

## 303 *Convert's Triumph and Prospect.* L. M.

I'M glad that I was born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly:
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

2 I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to follow on;
They're happy 'round my Father's throne,
They're looking out for me to come.

3 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who used to join with me in pray'r;
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death:
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

5 And when to that bright world I come,
And join my everlasting home,
My soul shall there forever bloom,
Until my body leaves the tomb.

6 Then all shall hear the solemn sound:
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds!

7 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode:
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory!—glory!—glory! be.

304 *Amazing Grace.* C. M.

AMAZING grace!—how sweet the sound—
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:—
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

## 305 *Christ the Great Physician.* P. M. 7s. & 6s.

How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
The worst of all diseases,
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look—and live.

306 *Convert not Ashamed of the Gospel.* C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost,

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

## 307 *Subdued by the Cross.* C. M.

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O! never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look!
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;
I saw, my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid:
I die that thou mayst live."

6 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

## 308 *God the Convert's Portion.* C. M.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Then prayer and praise to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

## 309 *Forsaking all to Follow Christ.* M. 8s. & 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,—
Thou from hence my all shalt be!

Perish every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heav'n are all my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too,
Human looks and hearts deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue,
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends despise me,
Show thy face, and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain;
I have called thee, Abba, Father;
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me!

4 O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.
Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

## 310 *The Loving Kindness of God.* L. M.

AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:—
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:—
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:—
His loving kindness, O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death!

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness, in the skies.

311 *Confessing Christ.* C. M.

Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross!

3 Inspire my soul with life divine
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Savior ever near,
Will guard thee in the way."

5 O, how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word!
Nor any painful sufferings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

## 312 *The Happy Child of Grace.* C. M.

How happy's every child of grace
Who feels his sins forgiven!
"This world," he cries, "is not my place;
I seek a place in heaven,—

2 A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

3 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

5 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let this vessel break!
And let my ransomed spirit go
To grasp the God I seek!

6 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

313 *Sweet Home.* M. 4 11s.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In pathways of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,—
O Savior, direct me to heaven, my home!

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given:
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, &c.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O then may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, &c.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu;
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from the throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, &c.

5 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."
Home, home, &c.

## 314 *He Hath Done All Things Well.* L. M.

Now in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints, I'll join to tell—
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But O! his love, what tongue can tell?
"My Jesus hath done all things well!"

3 How sov'reign, wonderful and free,
Has been his love to sinful me!
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell—
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause;
To save me though I did rebel:
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

5 And since my soul hath known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which do all praise excel—
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies:
Above the rest this note shall swell,
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

315 *Pilgrim's Story.* P. M.

I HAVE sought round this verdant earth,
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But, all, all will cloy.
Lord, Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free—
Thine, thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered through mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress:
I have not found a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless,
Cold, cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my lab'ring soul with grief;
What, what can give relief?
What can give peace?

3 I then turned to the gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
And I trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray.
Here, here I now find rest,
Here my weary soul is blest,
Hope, hope of endless rest,
Eternal day!

4 I will praise now my heav'nly King,
I'll praise and adore;
And the heart's richest tribute bring,
To thee, God of power;
And then in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loudly the strains shall move,
For evermore.

## 316 *On My Way to Heaven.* P. M. 10s. 11s.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
A country I've found, where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul don't delay—he calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, aid and comfort—go after him, go.
Lo, onward I move to a city above;
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin:
'Midst outward afflictions I feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus has loved me—I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.
So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

## 317 *Presence of Christ Desired.* P. M. 11s. & 8s.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night.
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, at noon-tide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread? [see,
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he is gone?

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around: [vine,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 His lips as a fountain of right'ousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace: [know,
From which, their salvation the Gentiles shall
And bask in the smiles of his face.

7 Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above—
Like th' morn, when he breathes from the chambers of light—
And comforts his people with love.

## 318 *Lovest Thou Me?* M. 7s.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, young convert, lov'st thou me?

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, young convert, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love thee more!

## 319 *Vows Remembered and Renewed.* L. M.

Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

320 *Blessed Souls.* S. M.

Oh! blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

## 321 *The Dearest Spot.* P. M.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'T is not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion:
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror:
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
And cried, "Oh! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;

And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

322 *Sin Slain by the Cross.* S. M.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because that grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

323 *Grace.* S. M.

GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

## 324 *By Grace are ye Saved.* S. M.

I'M glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost;
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full;
But now I'm saved thro' Jesus' blood:
I feel it in my soul.

3 And now I'm on the way
To brighter worlds above;
I hope to triumph evermore
Through the Redeemer's blood.

4 O brethren, help me sing
One song of victory;
For without money, without price,
I've found salvation free.

## 325 *The Lord Hath Helped Us.* M. 8s. & 7s.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:—

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

## RELIGION.

### 326 *Supreme Importance of Religion.* C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovreign virtue know!

2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

### 327 *Religion's Paths are Peace.* C. M.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice!
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than all the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

4 She guides our youth with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

328 *The Pearl of Great Prize.* C. M.

Ye glittring toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine:
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye flattering baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

4 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise thy grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine.

## 329 *Preciousness of Religion.* C. M.

THEE will we praise, eternal King,
Thou God of gods supreme;
And while with holy awe we sing,
Religion be our theme.

2 Religion, soul reviving sound!
It makes the heart rejoice;
Where shall the happy man be found,
Who makes it all his choice?

3 Religion is the greatest good,
When pure and undefil'd;
By it poor sinners are to God
Subdued and reconcil'd.

4 Religion! O, the heav'nly pow'r,
When in the heart it reigns!
The living and the dying hour
It comforts and sustains.

5 Religion smoothes life's rugged way,
And makes the bitter sweet;
And will in heav'n's eternal day
Be glorious and complete.

## 330 *Power and Benefits of Religion.* C. M.

RELIGION is the balm of life,—
Its healing virtues feel:
It calms the soul, and quells all strife;
It melts the heart of steel.

2 Religion can the leper cure,
It gives the blind his sight;
The lame it makes to walk secure,
And darkness turns to light.

3 Religion makes the dumb to speak,
The deaf may hear its voice;
The man his withered hand may reach,
The broken heart rejoice.

4 Religion breaks the bonds of death,
It bids the sleeper rise;
It gives the palsied sinner health,
And all his wants supplies.

5 Religion will the passion chide,
The stubborn will control:
It calms our fears, expels our pride,
And sanctifies the soul.

6 Religion will through life sustain;
And after death has given
Its ling'ring gasp and latest pang,
Will take us home to heaven.

331 *The Value of Religion.* L. M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows the Savior died for me;
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise:
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, for they are one.

## 332 *The One Thing Needful.* L. M.

One thing is needful, one alone;
If this be our's, all is our own:
'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be
In death and through eternity.

2 Without it we are all undone,
Though we may call the world our own;
Not all the joys of time and sense
Can countervail the loss immense.

3 Great God! that pow'rful grace of thine,
Which roused a soul so dead as mine,
Can rouse these thoughtless sinners too,
The one thing needful to pursue.

## 333 *Buy the Truth and Sell it Not.* L. M.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin:
O may it ever in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O happy they, who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth!
For none but those whom truth makes free,
Can e'er enjoy their liberty.

6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold.

## 334 *Heavenly Treasure.* P. M.

RELIGION! 'tis a glorious treasure,
The purchase of a Savior's blood;
It fills the soul with consolation,
It lifts the thoughts to things above:

2 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea;
'Tis mix'd with goodness, meek humble patience,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

3 While journeying here through tribulation,
In Christian love we'll march along;
And while strife severs the ambitious—
In Jesus Christ we'll all be one.

4 Religion pure unites together
In bonds of love, and makes us free;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

5 How fleeting—vain—how transitory,
This world, with all its pomp and show;
Its vain delights, and short-lived pleasures—
I'll gladly leave them all below.

6 But love and grace shall be my story,
While I in Christ such beauties see;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

7 This earthly house must be dissolved,
And mortal life will soon be o'er;
All earthly care and earthly sorrow,
Shall pain my eyes and heart no more:

8 Religion pure will stand for ever,
And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

## THE CHURCH OF GOD.

335 *Attachment to the Church.* S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God;
Her hosts before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brighest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## 336 *Family of Earth and Heaven.* C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are passing now.

5 How many to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Savior, be our constant guide;
Then when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

## 337 *Put on thy Beautiful Garments.* L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes:
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls—arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

338 *Safety of the Church.* S. M.

How honored is the place
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates;
The doors wide open fling:
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

## 339 *Church Founded on the Rock.* C. M.

With stately tow'rs and bulwarks strong,
Unrivall'd and alone,—
Loved theme oft for the sacred song,—
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus was fair Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on the Rock—with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not: though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence;
And weak and pow'rless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

## 340 *Sinai and Zion.* C. M.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

341 *Future Glory of the Church.* M. 6 lines 7s.

On thy Church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons, from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

## 342 *The Ark a Type of the Church.* S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,—

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
Thy soul shall there be satisfied
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

## 343 *Zion's Strength and Security.* M. 8s. & 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See—the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

## 344 *Church of Our God.* L. M.

Zion, awake! thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beaut'ous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine!

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire, and love thee, too.

3 Then shall thy name Hepzibah be—
Jehovah shall delight in thee;
Beulah thy land we then shall call,
And Abrah'm's God be all in all.

## 345 *Zion's Refuge.* S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion, God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces.

3 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

## 346 *The Latter Day Glory.* C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's Hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

5 Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine:
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

## 347 *God the Defence of Zion.* M. 8s. 7s. & 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

348 *Exalted Zion.* C. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake—awake!—put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls—thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!"

4 They come! they come!—thine exile bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the world at last shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

349 *Light of the Church.* P. M.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terror dis-
mayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is de-
cayed,

2 Loud roaring the billows, now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot that sits at the helm,
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends;
In safety and quiet the warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 Then trust me and fear not: thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

## JOINING THE CHURCH.

350 *Receiving Members.* C. M.

Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
O come in Jesus' name;
We welcome you with one accord,
In Christ we're all the same.

2 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual pow'rs.

3 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done:
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

## 351 *On Admitting Church Members.* L. M.

DEAR friends in Christ, and well belov'd
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter—and show yourselves approv'd;
Enter—and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 And now may God, the Father, bless
Your souls and ours with christian love;
That we his grace may here possess,
And glory's crown in heav'n above.

## 352 *Church Fellowship.* C. M.

PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We join thy Church, O Lord.

2 Join'd in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heav'nly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fircely on our head.

5 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

353 *"The Brethren Received us Gladly."* L. M.

WELCOME, ye well belov'd of God,
Ye heirs of grace, redeemed by blood;
Welcome, with us your hands to join,
As partners of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace—
We're traveling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conduct you on from day to day.

3 Take up your cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, and soon be gone;
Soon shall ye sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

354 *Welcome to Church-fellowship.* M. 8s. & 7s.

COME, ye converts, come and welcome;
All the saints are saying, come;
Joyfully we now receive you
To the Church, your future home;
Come and welcome, come and welcome;
In our hearts there yet is room.

2 Stay no longer, stay no longer
From your blessed Savior's fold;
Come, dear youth, ye lambs of Jesus,
He himself has bid you come;
With his people, with his people,
Join yourselves, and be at home.

## 355 *Address to New Members.* S. M.

ALL you who have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:—

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abode of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 In all your Savior's ways,
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

## 356 *Entering Into Church Covenant.* C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' pow'r,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sin away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

## CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

357 *Ministers Bearers of Good Tidings.* S. M.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

## 358 *Faith in the Seed of Truth.* S. M.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found—
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stock, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

## 359 *Out-door Worship.* Mark 16: 15. L. M.

'Twas Jesus' last and great command,
"Go preach my word in every land;
To all be my salvation shown,
To every creature make it known.

2 While thus employ'd, accept my grace,
Attending you from place to place;
Where'er you meet, expect me there—
In church, in house, in open air."

3 Commission'd thus, we come abroad,
To preach the Gospel of our God;
The love of God, in Christ, to tell,
The love that saves from sin and hell.

4 Jesus, our Lord, thy word fulfil,
Thy Spirit's power be with us still;
May all our souls thy blessings share,—
Accept our praise, and hear our pray'r.

## 360 *The Great Commission.* L. M.

"GO, PREACH my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He be condemn'd who don't belive.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone 'round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They, to the farthest nations, spread
The grace of their ascended God.

## 361 *The Sower and the Seed.* C. M.

A SOWER went to sow his seed,
When some fell by the way;
And birds came there to pick them up,
As thus they scattered lay.

2 Some fell upon a stony soil,
Where they did quickly shoot;
But died beneath the scorching sun,
Because they had no root.

3 And others fell among the thorns,
Which choked them as they grew;
No room was left them to expand,
So they were fruitless, too.

4 But those which fell upon good ground,
Soon flourish'd, and, behold!
Some yielded thirty, some three-score,
And some an hundred fold.

362 *The Gospel a Savor of Life or Death.* C. M.

CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

## 363 *The Preacher's Charge.* M. 8s. & 7s.

BOLD in speech and bold in action,
Be forever!—Time will test,
Of the free-soul'd and the slavish,
Which fulfils life's mission best.

2 Be thou like the noble ancients—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

3 Be thou like the great Apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

4 Face thy foes and thy accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God!

## 364 *Watching for Souls.* C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego,—
For souls which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

## 365 *Minister's Appeal to Christ.* C. M.

Do I not love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do I not love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord:
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

## 366 *A Pastor Welcomed.* L. M.

We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon the tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel: hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher: sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace:
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

## 367 *Ministers Prayed For.* L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful may they ever be!

2 Clothe them with energy divine,
And let their messages be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound:
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

5 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Till light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

## 368 *God's Help Implored.* P. M.

HELP thy servant, gracious Lord,
Who comes in Jesus' name;
Only thou canst strength afford,
Thy gospel to proclaim;
Grant his soul a heavenly ray,
Fill his heart with holy fire,
Help thy servant, Lord, we pray,—
Regard our souls' desire.

CHO.—O, for sanctifying grace!
O, for love's inspiring power!
Lord we beg, for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

2 Give us to receive the word,
With love, and joy, and fear;
Grant thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
On all assembled here;

Seal the truth on all to-day;
All our hearts with heaven inspire;
Help thy servant, Lord, we pray—
Regard our souls' desire.

## 369 *"Comfort ye my People."* L. M.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord,
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel Word.

2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare;
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.

4 The Lord, your God, shall quickly come,
Sinners, repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord display'd,
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth has said,
His own Almighty hand shall do.

370 *Ministerial Anxiety.* H. M.

WHAT contradictions meet
In minister's employ!
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy.
No other post affords a place
Of equal honor, or disgrace!

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel;
Constrain'd to speak in vain
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasure felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 The Savior's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth;
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

## ORDINATION.

371 *"Freely ye have Received, Freely Give."* L. M.

THUS spake the Savior, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name;
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show,
That you're commissioned from above.

5 Freely from me ye have received;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And by your labors sinners live."

6 Happy those servants of the Lord,
Who thus their master will obey!
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserved until the final day!

## 372 *The Lord a Defense for His Servant.* L. M.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
Oh love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

## 373 *The Angels of the Churches.* L. M.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near!
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The light of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now;
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

## 374 *Pleading for Faithful Pastors.* L. M.

Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee our faithful pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Resembling thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread!

4 Here hast thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succored, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd, and the flock;
Confirm the hopes, thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

375 *The Watchful Servant.* S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait:
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found:
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

376 *The Laborers are Few.* S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Then let them preach the common Lord,
Savior of human race.

5 Oh let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove:
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

## 377 *Pastors After Thine Own Heart.* L. M.

Jesus, thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want:
With no kind shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Open their mouths, and utterance give,
Give them a trumpet voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in him, who died for all.

5 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
"He died for all, who died for me."

6 A double portion from above,
Of thy good Spirit, Lord, impart;
Shed forth thy universal love
In every faithful pastor's heart.

## SABBATH, OR LORD'S DAY.

378 *The Lord's Day.* S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

## 379 *Blessings of the Sabbath.* C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

## 380 *Sabbath Morning.* L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise,
With ardor, to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 O, may our pray'rs and praises rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

381 *The Sabbath.* L. M.

ANOTHER six day's work is done;
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives, this day, the food of sev'n.

3 This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of sacred rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

382 *Sabbath in the Sanctuary.* M. 6 lines 7s.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

383 *The Worship on the Sabbath.* S. M.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every sabbath giv'n,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heav'n.

## 384 *The Earthly and Heavenly Sabbath.* L. M.

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place:
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin;
Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant holy throng.

## 385 *A Hymn for the Sabbath.* L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

386 *Lord's Day Evening.* C. M.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
In heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

387 *Sabbath Morning.* H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening pow'rs;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be indulged in vain.

388 *Resurrection of Christ on the Sabbath.* S. M.

To-day the Savior rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquer'd our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God:
Blessings forever on his name!
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us, his life he paid,
For us the law fulfill'd;
On Him our load of guilt was laid;
We by his stripes are heal'd.

4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown:
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

## 389 *Sabbath Evening.* P. M. 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

## 390 *Sabbath Evening.* L. M.

ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb,—
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath-eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there:
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time, how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below—
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill—
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love,—
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

391 *The Courts of the Lord.* S. M.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

## 392 *How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles.* L. M.

How pleasant—how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
Here they behold the gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

3 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

## 393 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer world's on high.

394 *Joy of Public Worship.* L. M.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy pow'r,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

## 395 *The House of God.* H. M.

WHAT dreadful spot is this?
And yet a pleasing place;
Sure here Jehovah is,
In majesty and grace:
Here let our souls devoutly wait,
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

2 'Tis here the saints abide,
On richest dainties fed;
And Christ doth here reside,
Their Master and their Head;
His life and love he here conveys,
And owns their pray'rs, and hears their praise.

3 The Lord is never bound
To any time or place:
But always may be found
Among his chosen race;
Then tread his courts with holy fear,
For God himself is present there.

## 396 *Meeting in God's Temple.* C. M.

LORD, in thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Savior here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold, thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light, prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 When flesh shall fail, and heart-strings break,
Sweet will the minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

## 397 *The Universal King.* S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the children of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

## 398 *Sincerity.* C. M.

God is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors a sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

## 399 *Going to Church.* C. M.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Savior reigns.

## 400 *Universal Adoration.* L. M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we [stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## 401 *Delight in Worship.* L. M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

## 402 *Public Worship.* C. M.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
He is a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O, may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rise in wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

## 403 *God's Service Delightful.* C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent pray'r,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found,
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

## 404 *Hosanna to the Lord.* L. M.

HOSANNA! Lord, thine angels cry;
Hosanna! Lord, we here reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

2 O, Father, with protecting care,
Meet us in this thy house of pray'r;
Assembled in Messiah's name,
Thy promis'd blessing here we claim.

3 But, chiefest, in our inmost breast,
O Savior! let thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and meet for thee.

4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

## 405 *Lord, we come to Worship Thee.* S. M.

LORD, at thy sacred feet,
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.

2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee
Before thy holy throne.

3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free;
'Tis from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord,
Thy wond'rous truth and love unfold—
The treasures of thy word.

5 In all our meetings here
Our souls are blessed with good:
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.

6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love:
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

406 *Wonders of God's Ways.* L. M.

To God, the great, the ever bless'd,
Let songs of honor be address'd,
His mercy firm for ever stands:
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?
Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed,
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints and near to thee.

## 407 *Behold Your King, the Savior.* C. M.

COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
And join to make it known;
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Savior crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

## PRAISE OF GOD.

408 *Praise to our Creator.* L. M.

YE nations 'round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

## 409 *Praise at All Times.* C. M.

My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its ransom'd powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close my eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

## 410 *Praise for Mercies.* S. M.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,—
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

## 411 *Song of Praise.* M. 7s.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till the glorious kingdom come?
No—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise, to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

412 *Universal Praise.* L. M.

FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin this song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

## 413 *Praise to the Eternal God.* S. M.

LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his praise abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring 'round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be express'd;
But saints who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

## 414 *Perpetual Praise.* C. M.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

## 415 *Praise the Lord.* M. 8s. & 7s.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

## 416 *Friendship of God.* H. M.

To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great;
For God doth prove our constant friend.
His boundless love shall never end.

2 To him, whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay;
For God doth prove our constant friend:
His boundless love shall never end.

3 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give;
For God doth prove our constant friend:
His boundless love shall never end.

## 417 *Wonders of Grace.* L. M.

Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever will endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
He fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his praise in every song.

4 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within;
His mercies ever will endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

## 418 *Praise to God.* M. 8s. & 7s.

PRAISE to God the great Creator;
Praise to God from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song,

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise:

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

## 419 *Praise for Divine Mercies.* C. M.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise!

## 420 *Reliance on God.* C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my succor came.

3 O make but trial of his love—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

## 421 *United Praise.* C. M.

COME, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind;
Our tankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces vail when they appear
Before the Son of Man.

3 O Lord, we cannot silent be,
By love we are constrain'd,
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Savior, and our Friend.

4 Though feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful song of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame:
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow
And bless thy sacred name!

6 Worship and honor, thanks and love
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heav'n!

## 422 *Praise ye the Lord.* L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,
Fixed on his throne of truth and love:
Behold the finger of his power,
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.

2 When man, debased and guilty man,
From crime to crime with madness ran;
Well might his arm its thunders launch,
And blast th' ungrateful root and branch.

3 But clemency with justice strove
To save the people of his love:
"Go, my beloved Son!" he cried,
"Be thou their Savior, thou their guide."

4 The eastern star with glory streams;
It comes with healing on its beams:
Dark mists of error flee away,
And Judah hails the rising day.

5 His sacred memory we bless,
Whose holy gospel we profess;
And praise that great Almighty Name,
From whom such light and favor came.

## PRAISE OF CHRIST.

423 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues! to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of inbred sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

## 424 *Hosanna to Christ.* C. M.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Hosannas on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

## 425 *The Lamb of God Worshiped.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels 'round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

## 426 *Worthy the Lamb.* P. M.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply—
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Ye, who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing—
"Worthy the Lamb!"

427 *The New Song.* C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs, before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
Forever, on thy head.

428 *Incarnate Savior.* S. M.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your King;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of Majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Savior did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
The Savior to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more.

## 429 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices turn the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## 430 *Exhortation to Praise Christ.* C. M.

COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Savior crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

## 431 *Christ's Praise Delightful.* C. M.

My Savior, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

## 432 *Hallelujah.* P. M.

O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying:
Glory to the Great I Am;
I with them will still be vying:
Glory! glory to the Lamb!—
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring 'round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

433 *Praise for Preserving Grace.* S. M.

To God, the only wise,
Our Savior, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne:
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

## 434 *Love of Christ Celebrated.* C. M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart, with rapture, say,
The Savior died for me.

4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue!
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

## 435 *Glory to Jesus.* M. 8s. & 7s.

Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

4 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

5 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:

6 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

436 *Christ Adored.* C. M.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street;
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive, at his feet.

4 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing,—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head!

6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

## 437 *The Savior.* H. M.

COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Savior's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died.
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Savior God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

438 *Praise to Jesus.* P. M.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All th' extatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven is heightened by the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station—
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus flow along.

## 439 *Praise to God and the Lamb.* M. 11s.

We praise thee, O God! for the son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen. [again.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided
our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from
above.

## BEFORE SERMON.

440 *Prayer for God's Blessing.* C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
Oh! may not duty seem a load:
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing northwind wake,
Say to the south wind, blow,
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly showers,
The cold with warmth divine,
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

## 441 *A Soul-reviving Feast.* C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day!
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

## 442 *"Importunity."* C. M.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Savior here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart—the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

## 443 *Prayer for God's Servant.* S. M.

ASSIST thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend thy word,
And every breast inflame.

2 Bid unbelief depart;
With love his soul inflame;
Take full possession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

3 May stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wandering to attend,
And make the wounded whole.

4 Extend thy conq'ring arm,
With banner wide unfurl'd,
Until thy glorious grace shall charm,
And harmonize the world.

## 444 *Imploring God's Presence.* L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we, in true faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

## 445 *A Hymn Before Sermon.* C. M.

In thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Savior's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Savior flee.

## 446 *Invoking God's Blessing.* C. M.

Within thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With pow'r reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent pray'r arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

## 447 *Prayer for the Success of the Word.* C. M.

COME, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And bids the sleeper rise,
And let each guilty conscience dread
The sentence from the skies.

3 To them a sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load,
Quicken, and wash the troubled heart
In thine atoning blood.

4 Their desp'rate state through sin declare
And speak their sins forgiv'n;
By grace divine their souls prepare,
Then take them up to heav'n.

## 448 *Spiritual Improvement.* M. 8s 7s & 4.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy children, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss, forevermore.

## 449 *Reverence to God.* C. M.

With rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r with thee that vies,
Or truth compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and seas are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel.

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

## AFTER SERMON.

450 *Solemn Parting.* S. M.

ONCE more before we part,
Oh bless the Savior's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart,
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow;
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

## 451 *"Abide with us."* 8s. & 7s.

PRINCE of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy blessed presence cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come.

2 Raise to heav'n our expectation,
Give our favor'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

3 May the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

4 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

## 452 *Prayer for God's Blessing.* 8s. & 7s.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above,
May we each thy peace possessing,
Go rejoicing in thy love!
Farewell, brethren—farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 We do praise thee for thy presence,
While together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin!
Farewell, brethren—farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the Holy Spirit's power,
Rest upon us ev'ry one!
Farewell, brethren—farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

## 453 *Prayer and Praise.* L. M.

ALMIGHTY Father! bless the word,
Which thro' thy grace we now have heard,
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face;
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
May all at length in heaven appear.

## 454 *The Seed of the Word.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

## 455 *God's Increase Prayed for.* C. M.

Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown;
Be it thy servant's care,
Thy heavenly blessings to bring down,
By humble, fervent pray'r.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine—
"Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase,
And be the glory thine."

## 456 *Prayer for a Blessing.* M. 8s 7s & 4.

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise in glory live.

## 457 *God's Favor Invoked.* L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarging souls possess:
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the Lord, whose power can do
More than our thougths and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the Church, through Christ, his Son.

## 458 *Prayer After Sermon.* C. M.

LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorch'd with heat, becomes by noon
A dead,—a useless thing.

4 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

## ALMS-DEEDS AND COLLECTIONS.

### 459 *Relieving Christ in His Members.* C. M.

HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord,
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine?

2 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them may'st thou be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of distress,
The Savior's voice be heard.

4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

### 460 *Reliance on God.* C. M.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

## 461 *Alms for the Poor.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above;
To form in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When throned above the skies;
And, 'midst the glories of his state,
Felt his compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Savior flew
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

462 *Collection for the Gospel.* M. 8s 7s & 4.

With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
Hallelujah!—
Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim
Let his saints of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame:
Hallelujah!—
Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Savior know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe:
Hallelujah!—
Run, ye heralds, to and fro.

4 Praise the Savior, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations
His divine, victorious love:
Hallelujah!—
By this gift our love we'll prove.

463 *Christian Liberality.* C. M.

Rich are the joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love,
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvest grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

## 464 *More Blessed to Give than Receive.* L. M.

Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each others burdens learn to bear,
And the law of love fulfil.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restor'd.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A lib'ral portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have receiv'd from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O, may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest to give than to receive!

## 465 *Kindness to the Poor.* H. M.

GRACE shall our souls inspire
With holy love to all:
Nor let us ever tire
Where want and duty call;
O, let it ne'er be said again,
"What do ye more than other men?"

2 The wretched we would seek,
The naked we would clothe;
The mists of folly break,
With sacred light and love;
The mourner cheer, the hungry feed,
And for the poor and needy plead.

3 The promise we receive
Will amply then repay
The mite we freely give
Lord, to the poor, to-day:
Accept the off'ring we impart—
The tribute of a grateful heart.

## 466 *Blessedness of the Merciful.* L. M.

BLEST is the man, whose heart doth move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

## 467 *Charity.* C. M.

O CHARITY, thou heavenly grace!
All tender, soft, and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclined!

2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand:
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their distress;
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find—
He loves to give relief.

5 'T is love that makes religion sweet;
'T is love that makes us rise,
With willing minds and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

## 468 *"Who is my Neighbor."* C. M.

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
My soothing hands may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'T is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou, and succor him.

3 Thy neighbor? 'T is that drunken man
Whose years are at their brim;
Bent low with poverty and pain—
Go thou, and rescue him.

4 Thy neighbor? 'T is his wife bereft
Of every earthly gem—
His wife, and children, helpless left—
Go thou, and shelter them.

5 Where'er thou meet'st a human form,
'Neath misery bent down;
Remember, 't is thy neighbor worm—
Thy brother, or thy son.

## 469 *Think Gently.* C. M.

THINK gently of thy erring one;
Oh, let us not forget.
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

## 470 *Charity, or Love.* S. M.

Had I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill,
Each myst'ry to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,—
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

## BAPTISM.

471 *Christ our Exemplar.* C. M.

JESUS the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despised;—
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

2 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

3 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

472 *Teach and Baptize.* L. M.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize;"
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant heathen lands.

3 "Repent and be baptized," he saith,
"In token of forgiven sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

4 Hence, we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

## 473 *Baptism Into Christ.* S. M.

WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Savior trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

## 474 *Christian Baptism.* M. 7s.

CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you're appriz'd,
Rise, believe and be baptiz'd.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due;
Christians, prove your love to him;
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Savior's cross;
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Savior's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate his law by night;
This will give you great delight.

## 475 *Confession of Christ in Baptism.* C. M.

"Proclaim," said Christ, "my Father's grace,
To all the sons of men;
He who believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on these,
Who, trusting in his word,
Are here and openly declare
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
And run the christian race;
In every trouble of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away;
May they be found prepar'd to live
In realms of endless day.

## 476 *Philip and the Eunuch.* L. M.

The sacred page proclaims abroad
The glories of the sovereign God,
Whose providence and grace unite
To bring his great decrees to light.

2 From Ethiopia's sun-burnt plains,
Where sultry summer ceaseless reigns,
An eunuch chief, of wealth and fame,
To worship in the temple came.

3 Returning home the thoughtful sage
Perused the deep prophetic page;
Of Jesus read, as on he went,
But doubted whom the prophet meant.

4 By heaven's command, that moment came
Philip, a follower of the Lamb:
Him the enquiring prince receiv'd,
And all the words he spake, believ'd.

5 Then, of his duty well appris'd,
The eunuch wished to be baptiz'd:—
A silver stream ran full in sight—
He asks, and soon receives the rite.

6 He journeys on without delay,
In Christ rejoicing all the way,
And tells the Ethiopian race
The wonders of redeeming grace.

## 477 *Solemn Rites.* C. M.

If glorious angels do rejoice,
When sinners turn to God,
Let us unite with cheerful voice,
To spread his praise abroad.

2 When Jesus unto Jordan came,
And was baptized of John,
A voice from heaven did proclaim—
"He's my Beloved Son."

3 His ministers he sent about
To preach the word of grace,
And to baptize the world throughout,
Who should his truth embrace.

4 Lord, we have here before our eyes,
Some that have set their hands
To serve thee and to be baptized,
As thou didst give command.

5 Glory to God who reigns above,
For his abounding grace,
In this the token of his love,
To us, a guilty race.

6 Let us employ our tongues to sing,
The praises of the Lord,
For calling sinners home to him
By his all-powerful word.

## 478 *Baptizing Believers.* L. M.

As the apostles sat at meat,
Before our Savior did ascend,
He did them with his presence greet,
And gave to them his last command.

2 Upbraided them with unbelief,
And hardness of each stubborn heart;
His counsel we must all receive,
Else we with Christ can have no part.

3 "Go, preach my gospel," Jesus saith,
And bring them all unto the host,
Baptize believers in the name,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

4 "He that believes and is baptized,
Shall dwell in realms of joy above,—
Who don't believe the words of Christ,
Shall never taste redeeming love."

## 479 *Teach all Nations and Baptize.* L. M.

"GO, TEACH the nations, and baptize!"
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preached their Lord.

2 Commissioned thus, by Zion's King,
We to this water now do bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
Oh bless them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine;
Let beams of glory round them shine.

## 480 *Design of the Sacraments.* C. M.

THE sacraments are holy signs,
And precious gospel seals:
T' exhibit what the Lord designs,
And what his word reveals.

2 But these are not themselves the grace,
Which signs and seals set forth;
The supper's not the sacrifice,
Nor water the new birth.

3 The sacraments were never meant
A substitute for grace,
They're not the truths they represent,
Nor must they take their place.

4 Sinners may publicly profess,
And signs and seals receive,
Of what they never did possess,
Of what they don't believe.

5 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

## FEET-WASHING.

481 *"Follow Me."* C. M.

To show how humble Christians ought
To one another be,
Christ with his own example taught,
As plainly we may see.

2 Though he was Lord and Master great,
Who giveth all commands,
He wash'd his own disciples' feet,
With his own blessed hands.

3 When thus their Master with them dealt,
And proved his love to them,
How must their drooping hearts have felt,
To meet with such esteem.

4 May they who worldly honor seek,
Learn what it is to be
Like Jesus, humble, truly meek,
From self-applauses free.

5 Such facts as these should have effect
To bring the haughty low;
The proudest heart should feel a check,
And deeply humbled too.

6 Thus Peter's mind was much impress'd,
He thought himself too mean;
But also felt himself distress'd,
To have no part with him.

7 "Till thou art wash'd thou hast no part
With me," the Savior said;
Then Peter cried, "with all my heart!
Wash thou my hands and head."

## 482 *A Plain Example.* L. M.

THE night in which Christ was betrayed,
For us a plain example laid,
He to a private room retired,
With those he afterward inspired.

2 There the Lord's supper was prepared,
And Christ the Lord had with them shared,
Of which th' apostles did partake,
He thus an ordinance did make.

3 He rose and laid his garments by,
When tow'l and water were brought nigh,
To prove his love divinely sweet,
Proceeds to wash his servants' feet.

4 So after he had washed their feet,
Resumed his garments, took his seat:
So we should love and kindness show,
To all our brethren here below.

5 Ye call me Master and your Lord,
Which is according to my word,
If I have done this unto you,
Ye ought to serve each other too.

6 Example give I unto you,
As I have done so ye should do,
And if ye then my servants be,
Obey my word and follow me.

7 The Lord who did from heaven descend,
Bids us his doctrine to defend;
If we in all things faithful prove,
We shall obtain redeeming love.

## 483 *Feet-Washing a Church Ordinance.* C. M.

IN Jesus' name once more we meet,
To honor him who said:
Ye ought to wash each other's feet,
As I the way have led.

2 Then come, like loving brethren bound,
To tread the paths he trod;
Come, do his will, and walk the ground,
Which leads to heav'n and God.

3 Shall we forget the sacred rite,
Our dying Lord ordain'd,
Upon that dark and solemn night,
When he, our woe-cup drain'd?

4 With words of love, sublime and sweet,
He cheer'd each fainting heart,
And wash'd, and wip'd those loved ones' feet,
From whom he soon must part.

5 Girded to serve; the Lord of all,
Thus taught humility;
And still his voice doth on us call,
"Fear not, but follow me.

6 If I, your Lord and Master, thought,
A servant's office meet,
Be not ashamed, but know ye ought
To wash each other's feet."

7 Yea, Lord, we will remember Thee,
And keep this plain command;
O, may our hearts obedient be,
In one united band.

## 484 *Ordinance of Washing Feet.* L. M.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below
He taught his people what to do:
And would we yield obedience meet,
We must descend to washing feet.

2 For on the night he was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid:
When, after supper, from his seat
He rose, and washed his brethren's feet.

3 The Lord, who made the earth and sky,
Arose, and laid his garments by,
And washed their feet—to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.

4 He washed their feet, tho' they were clean;
Nor did he mean, to cleanse from sin;—
But Peter said, "It shall not be;
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me."

5 Then Jesus said, "If you refuse,
And will not my instructions choose,
Thou hast no part or lot with me;"
Then Peter yielded willingly.

6 Like Peter—some still disobey:
"'Tis not essential," they will say;
But such a pretext will not stand
Before our Savior's plain command:—

7 "You call me Lord, and Master too;
Then do, as I have done to you:
Keep all my words and laws, complete,
And prove your love, by washing feet.

8 Ye shall be happy, if ye know
And do these things, by faith, below;
And I will guide you, till you die,
And then receive your souls on high."

## 485 *Feet-Washing Enjoined.* S. M.

BEHOLD!—Our blessed Lord
Met with his chosen band,
And said to them, in act and word,
"Keep this, my plain command."

2 He laid his garments by,
Upon that doleful night,
When earth and hell combined, to try
Man's only hope to blight.

3 Then did our humble Lord
With towel girded stand,
A basin, full of water pour'd,
Held in his sacred hand;

4 And meekly bow him down,
As servant of them all—
Although the heir to glory's crown—
On whom the angels call;—

5 And lo!—he washed their feet!
And then he wiped them dry!
And taught them, thus, a lesson meet,
Of deep humility.

6 "Know ye what I have done?"
Said he to one and all;
"I have to you a pattern shown,—
Whom ye your Master call;

7 "As I have washed your feet,
To show my love for you:
Ye ought to wash each other's feet,
And prove your friendship, too.

8 "The servant must not claim
To be above his Lord;"—
Then, Lord, be this my constant aim,
To keep thy sacred word.

## 486 *Christ Our Example.* H. M.

The Church of God believes it right,
To think and do as Jesus bade,
When on that dark and doleful night
He gave his law, and plainly said:—

2 Mark the example which I give;
Keep it, and show your mutual love:
My precepts do, and you shall live,
In bliss below, and heaven above.

3 Then, do we love our brethren now?
And are we bound in union sweet?
If so, like Jesus, let us bow,
And let us wash each other's feet.

4 Let no one be ashamed of this,—
Or shrink like Peter, and say, no;
But as we aim for heavenly bliss,
We'll in our Master's footsteps go.

5 Now, Lord, we'll wash thy people's feet,
And here enjoy their fond embrace;
Each with a kiss of friendship greet;
And hope in love to see thy face.

6 And then we'll feast on heavenly love,
And find our joys to be complete:
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow, with angels, at thy feet.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

487 *The Lord's Supper Instituted.* L. M.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

488 *Communion.*—1 Cor. 10: 16, 17. S. M.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here the redeem'd, can sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
His people children of his love,
And Christ his first-born Son.

4 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

5 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

## 489 *"This do in Remembrance of Me."* C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thy agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

## 490 *Humble Communion.* C. M.

LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome place;—

2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Savior cries;
The feast was made for you:
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.

5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your sacred pow'rs;
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Savior is like ours.

6 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

## 491 *The Body and Blood of Christ.* C. M.

HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endur'd
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Savior, so divine:
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

## 492 *The Lord's Table.* C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

## 493 *Enjoyment in the Service.* L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

3 Blest Savior, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be ador'd,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

## 494 *The Last Scenes.* L. M.

'Twas on the night, when doom'd to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night, in which he was betray'd,
The Savior of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his follow'rs spoke:

3 My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends; take, eat, and live:
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name:
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

## 495 *Coming to the Table of the Lord.* C. M.

LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Savior's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray:
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way.

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
To this dear feast draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power,
To keep his holy word.

## 496 *Can we Forget?* C. M.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget:
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

CHO.—Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid;
Thine all the glory be.

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy pray'r;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane, can we forget—
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Can we the crown of thorns forget—
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth revil'd thy name?

5 The nails, the spear can we forget,
The agonizing cry:—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"

6 Life's highest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

## 497 *A Communion Hymn.* S. M.

O for a prophet's fire!
O for an angel's tongue!
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung.

2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear:
Come, gather round this table, then,
And celebrate it here.

4 These symbols of his death,
O, with what power they speak!
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres,
Compared with these, are weak.

5 And shall they plead in vain
With our forgetful souls?
Forbid it, Lord, while through our veins
The vital current rolls.

## 498 *The Gospel Feast.* C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in.
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

499 *Hymn After the Lord's Supper.* S. M

NOW LET each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.

2 His precepts, how divine!
How suited to our state!
How bright his acts of mercy shine!
His promises how great!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

## 500 *New Commandment.* C. M.

YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who 'round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil:
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honored name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

## 501 *Communicant's Faith.* C. M.

THE rich memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, blest Savior, to receive—
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us, to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, blest Savior, to receive,
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, blest Savior, to receive—
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, blest Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

## 502 *Solemn Feast.* C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his latest breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"The Savior died for me."

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O, tune our tongues, and put in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me."

503 *United Praise.* S. M.

LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
For us to bleed and die.

2 Nor let our voices cease,
To sing the Savior's name;
Jesus, th' Embassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came.

3 It cost him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offered with his groans.

5 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

6 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal my Savior's love.

504 *Discerning the Lord's Body.* P. M.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear;
Come, and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
Let us now our Savior find;
Drink the blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pardoning grace declare:
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove:
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine:
Seal our souls forever thine.

505 *The Supper of the Lamb.* S. M.

THEE, King of saints, we praise
For this our living bread:
Nourished by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.

2 Yet still a higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

3 That glorious, heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
And, in the palace of the skies,
With thee forever reign.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

506 *Not Ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave;
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

507 *The Christian's Happy State.* C. M.

HOW happy is the christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

## 508 *Living to Christ.* L. M.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Savior I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

509 *Communion with God.* L. M.

O THAT I could forever dwell
With Mary at my Savior's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heav'n brought in with all its bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of pure and filial love,—
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake:
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

### 510 *Spiritual Joy.* C. M.

From thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

### 511 *The Happy Christian.* C. M.

My God—the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

512 *Support in God.* C. M.

O GOD!—our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God!—our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

## 513 *God my Delight.* S. M.

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Nor travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To love and serve the Lord.

4 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food and pleasures give.

5 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

6 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

## 514 *Joy in God.* C. M.

My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

## 515 *Asking Christ's Grace.* C. M.

JESUS, the Savior of my soul,
Be thou my hearts delight;
Ever the same to me remain—
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thine almighty pow'r.

3 O may I never once forget,
What a poor worm I am;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4 May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad,
The love of my incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

5 The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My daily manna be.

## 516 *Fellowship with God.* C. M.

Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

2 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show
As fellowship with God.

3 When I in love am made to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

4 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy, if I can but state
Some fellowship with God.

5 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
And gain that bright abode,
A bless'd eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

## CHRISTIAN GRACES.

517 *Love the Greatest and Brightest Grace.* C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breasts;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
The stubborn heart will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

## 518 *Thy Will be Done.* C. M.

SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee.

2 Hearer of prayer! O, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Giver of all—for every good
In the Redeemer came—
For shelter, raiment, and for food,
I thank thee in His name.

4 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

## 519 *The Christian's Glory and Fortitude.* L. M.

JESUS, my Savior, and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
By ties, both nat'ral and divine,
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame I deprecate;
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honors of the Christian name.

520 *Holiness and Grace.* L. M.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of Savior God:
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

521 *Importance of Charity.* S. M.

Had I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain;
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,—
Whatever be denied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

## 522 *Religion Vain Without Love.* L. M.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still, I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the needy and the poor;
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

523 *Holy Love.* S. M.

LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our souls unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.

2 We run in God's commands
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands
Our Master's will obey.

3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
When love inspires the breast.

4 When we ascend the skies
And see the Savior's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

524 *Christian Submission.* C. M.

HOW SWEET to be allowed to pray
To God, the holy one;
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind
And bid all care be still.

3 O may that will that gave me birth,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O, could my heart thus ever pray,—
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

## 525 *Meekness.* L. M.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts,—our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

## 526 *The Beatitudes.* L. M.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love:
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife:
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

## 527 *The Christian Graces.* L. M.

FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

## 528 *Zeal, True and False.* C. M.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Yes, self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

5 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

6 O Lord, the idol self, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

529 *Fears Dismissed.* C. M.

Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For this he will provide
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

530 *Joy a Fruit of the Spirit.* C. M.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And makes his glories known,
The fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail—
Unspeakable! divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them who know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

## 531 *Justice and Equity.* C. M.

COME, let us search our ways and see;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim?

3 Do we, in all we sell or buy,
Integrity maintain,
And knowing God is always nigh,
Renounce unrighteous gain?

4 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
To God, the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

## CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

532 *The Christian's Charge and Duty.* S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify—
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

## 533 *Take up thy Cross.* L. M.

TAKE up thy cross! the Savior said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon the cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

## 534 *Self-Denial.* C. M.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry;
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray and never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

## 535 *Love of God and our Neighbor.* L. M.

Thus saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke;
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

4 But, O, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

536 *The Good are Happy.* C. M.

How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight—
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

537 *The Golden Rule.* L. M.

Gracious Redeemer, how divine—
How righteous is this rule of thine;
To do to all men just the same,
As we expect, or wish from them.

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind or memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How blest would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity;
All would be free, all friends, no foe,
And form a paradise below.

## 538 *Walk in the Light.* C. M.

WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

## 539 *The Faithful Servant.* S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lords' command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

## 540 *Kindness to the Poor.* C. M.

How blest is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and of love
Remain before the Lord;
Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

## 541 *Dare and Do.* M. 7s.

DARE to think, though bigots frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wrong'd and scorn'd to bless.

2 Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when sinners curse, to bless.

3 Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

4 Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest.

## 542 *Duty to the Erring.* L. M.

WOULDST thou an erring soul redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod?

2 Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own;
And by his side a brother stand
Till thou the demon, sin, dethrone.

3 Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest mood,
And back the lost one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity and good!

4 Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

## 543 *Seeking Refuge in God.* C. M.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind and gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

## 544 *Speak Gently to the Erring.* C. M.

SPEAK gently to the erring ones:—
Ye know not all the pow'r
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.

2 Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

3 Speak gently to the erring one:—
O do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.

4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

5 Speak gently to the erring ones:—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without our censure rough?

6 It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

545 *Leaving all to Follow Jesus.* C. M.

And must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends,

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Savior of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

## 546 *Speak Gently.* C. M.

SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh win them back again!

5 Speak gently—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

## CHRISTIAN SUFFERINGS.

547 *Comfort in God.* C. M.

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

548 *Meekness in Distress.* C. M.

Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

2 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

3 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

4 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

549 *Divine Shepherd's Help Implored.* C. M.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give,
The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast,
In never ceasing pray'r!

3 Come, Holy Ghost, thy praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle, till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go,"

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And say, "Christ died for thee."

## 550 *God and His Law.* C. M.

God and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.

2 When darkness overspreads my mind,
His word supports me still;
I'm there convinc'd that God is kind,
Though I no comfort feel.

3 Are my afflictions sharp and long?
Does pain extreme ensue?
God's word I trust; his arm is strong;
His wisdom bears me through.

4 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favors so divine;
Who taught my heart to soar above,
And made those blessings mine.

5 Had not thy word been my relief,
Had not thy truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief,
No other help remain'd.

## 551 [*Comfort in the Promises.* L. M.

O God, to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murm'ring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore,

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

552 *Trusting in God in Affliction.* C. M.

Not from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
But we are born to cares and woes,—
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upward borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more,
Than what my Father please.

## 553 *Submission and Resignation.* S. M.

SUBMISSIVELY, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod;
Nor will I, Lord, repine.

2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short my suff'rings here;
How needful every cross:
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever is the same.

## 554 *Glory my Home.* P. M.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home; [home.
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submision and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

555 *Will ye also Go Away?* C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do,)
Methinks I hear my Savior say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 'Tis thou alone hast power and grace
To save a wretch like me;
To whom then shall I turn my face,
If I depart from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case!
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make be blest,
And satisfy my heart.

556 *Tempted Souls Encouraged.* L. M.

COME, tempted soul, to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

4 Although you're weak and foes are strong,
And though thy conflict should be long,
Yet God will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still "as thy day thy strength shall be."

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
Thy soul in death he will set free,
And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

## 557 *The Rock Higher than I.* P. M. 11s.

In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart's overwhelmed with sorrow and care;
From the end of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—

Cho.—Higher than I—higher than I—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, my foe, cometh in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of God,
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
And th' service of Christ, my Redeemer to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The Rock of Salvation, that's higher than I.

4 O Savior of sinners, when faint and depress'd,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppress'd,
I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

5 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure right'ousness let me appear;
In the swelling of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

6 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
With millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
To praise the kind Rock that is higher than I.

## 558 *Christ Sympathizes with Us.* L. M. 6 lines.

When gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain:
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Savior, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

4 And O! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My bed of death; for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

559 *The Benefit of the Cross.* C. M.

THE cross of Jesus purifies,
From self and sin sets free;
His cross does make us truly wise,
And brings humility.

2 Reproaches, persecution, shame,—
These must the christian bear;
But when sustain'd for Jesus' name,
How light these burthens are?

3 Must we endure some earthly loss,
Some keen distresses prove?
If these are part of Jesus' cross,
We'll bear them all in love.

4 Must sharp temptations too beset,
And inward conflicts seize?
The faithful soul will not forget
That these shall end in ease.

5 When sin is dead our spirits rest,
Comfort and peace are giv'n,
The inner man serenely blest,
We taste the joys of heav'n.

560 *Divine Compassion.* M. 7. Dbl.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,—
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide—
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins—
Let the healing stream abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

## 561 *Refuge for the Tempted.* M. 8s. 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend:

2 Here I'll sit forever viewing,
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion,
Floating in his languid eye:

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go:
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

562 *Final Victory.* M. 8s. 7s.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond this vale of sorrows,
Lie the fields of endless day;
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go;
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary,
Of the troubles of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you—
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone;

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole—
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.

Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 Millions, there, of flaming seraphs,
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring;
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heavenly host in rapture
Gaze upon this shining band,
Wond'ring at their costly garment,
And their laurels in their hands:
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

7 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore;
They have gone to heavenly pastures—
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain;
Glory, honor, and salvation!—
Reign, sweet Shepherd! ever reign!

## CHRISTIAN RACE.

563 *"Hinder Me Not."* C. M.

IN ALL my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, Lord;
I'll gladly go with thee.

564 *God, the Pilgrim's Guide.* M. 8s 7s & 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Over death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

565 *Zion's Joyful Travelers.* M .7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing—
Sing our Savior's worthy praise:
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land—
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

## 566 *But Two Ways.* C. M.

THERE is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heav'n at last.

3 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

## 567 *Looking to Jesus.* C. M.

LO! with a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us, with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path:
Jesus—the author—finisher—
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Savior and his saints
Triumphantly to stand.

568 *Encouraging Examples.* C. M.

RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heav'n.

## 569 *The Ransomed Shall Return.* C. M.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain;
The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Safety, support, and heavenly joy
Through all the way are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And city of your God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
While you ascend the hill.

## 570 *Pilgrim's Future Home.* L. M.

"WE'VE no abiding city here:"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer—
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here:"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here:"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name, the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hold, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

## 571 *Joyfully I Move.* P. M.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move;
Bound for the land of bright spirits above:
Angelic choristers sing as I come;
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below;
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear—
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear,
Ringing in concert thro' heaven's high dome:
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!"

5 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low!
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home!

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

## 572 *Hardships of Zion's Travelers.* C. M.

WHAT poor, despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?—
Because of their rich robes, unseen,
The world is not appriz'd.

4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;—
Oh! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed!

5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun that pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the way to death;
The open road to hell.

7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

573 *The Race for Glory.* C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my trophies down.

## 574 *Pilgrim's Hope.* P. M.

OUR bondage here shall end,
By and by—by and by;
Our bondage here shall end, by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan march along,
By and by—by and by;
And to Canaan march along, by and by.

2 Our Deliv'rer he shall come, by and by, &c.
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by, &c.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, &c.
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near!
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, &c.

4 Thro' Marah's bitter streams we'll go on, &c.
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply:
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on, &c.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come, &c.
Jehovah rules the tide—
And the waters he'll divide, [&c.
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come,

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have lov'd,
Our embraces shall be sweet, [&c.
At the dear Redeemer's feet;
When we meet to part no more, who have, &c.

7 Then with that happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shouting praises to our King, [&c.
Till the vaults of heaven ring;
And through all eternity, we'll rejoice, &c.

## CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

575 *The Mind that was in Christ.* S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee,—
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

576 *The Soldier Armed.* S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r;
The man who in the Savior trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 Ever together joined,
To battle all proceed:
Arm you yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your head.

6 Then when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
You shall o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

## 577 *The Whole Armor.* C. M.

O SPEED thee, christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A vict'ry to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 O, faint not, christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

## 578 *Christian Warfare and Victory.* L. M.

STAND up, my soul—shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

## 579 *Christian Soldier Encouraged.* M. 7s.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace;
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

580 *Holy Fortitude.*—1 Cor. 16: 13. C. M.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

581 *The Christian Warfare.* M. 8s. & 7s.

CHRISTIAN soldiers, wake to glory!
Hark, your Leader bids you rise;
See the crown of life before ye,
March to seize the heavenly prize.

2 Let the hope of full salvation,
Helmet-like, your head adorn;
Be the gospel's preparation
On your feet like sandals worn.

3 Let your loins around be girded
By the truth your lips profess;
From your breast be danger warded
By the plate of right'ousness.

4 Let your prayers ascend with fervor,
Without ceasing to the Lord:
Not an unconcerned observer,
Timely succor he'll afford.

5 Faith and hope must never languish,
All your cares upon him cast:
He'll enable you to vanquish
Every enemy at last.

582 *Watch and Pray.* S. M.

MY SOUL, be on thy guard—
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray:
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

583 *The Christian Soldier.* M. 7s & 6s.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,—
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give:
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

## CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

584 *Relying on the Promise.* M. 11s.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word;
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be."

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

585 *The Hope of Heaven Supporting.* C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

586 *Joy and Triumph.* C. M.

REJOICE, believer in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint
Will aid you from on high.

4 As surely as he overcame
And triumph'd once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

587 *It is Well with the Righteous.* S. M.

WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Though grieved at his delay.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

588 "*My Times are in Thy Hand.*" S. M.

My times are in thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 My times are in thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus, my Advocate;
Nor shall thy hand be stretched in vain,
For me to supplicate.

5 My times are in thy hand;
I'll always trust in thee;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

589 *Security in God's Covenant.* C. M.

My God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become—
My Savior, my almighty Friend,
And heaven my final home:—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy way, great God, is dark,
I wait thy light above.

4 Thy cov'nant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

## CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

590 *Prayer for Heart Purity.* C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;—

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within;—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

591 *Seeking Conformity to Christ.* L. M.

JESUS, my Savior, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to thee:
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once express'd.

3 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

4 This will proclaim how bright, how fair,
The precepts of thy gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

592 *Prayer for Higher Attainment.* C. M.

O FOR a heart that loves to pray,
To converse with the Lord!
Fain would I give myself away,
And lean upon his word.

2 O for invigorating grace,
To raise my soul above!
O for that heavenly-mindedness
That Satan cannot move.

3 O for that fortitude, which can
My every fear control!
Then would the dread of sinful man
No more disturb my soul.

4 Lord, thou canst conquer every foe,—
Thy grace can sanctify;
Amen: O Lord, may it be so,
Let my corruptions die.

## 593 *Perfect Freedom in Holiness.* C. M.

If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,—
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe—and not in vain—
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length, and depth, and breadth, and height
Of everlasting love.

## 594 *The Affections Crucified.* C. M.

Jesus, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

4 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,—
A temple built by God!

595 *Longing for Holiness.* C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by the word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

596 *God Wills our Holiness.* L. M.

GOD wills that I should holy be
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will:
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

3 No more I stagger at thy pow'r,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

## 597 *The Shepherd of Israel.* L. M.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art.

2 The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

3 Oh! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an extasy gaze,
And hang on a merciful God.

4 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

## SANCTIFICATION.

598 *Beulah Land.* L. M.

I've reach'd the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimn'd one blissful day,
For all my night has pass'd away.

Cho.—Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home, for evermore!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's borderland.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever vernal trees
And flow'rs, that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heav'ns melody,
As angels with the white-rob'd throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

## 599 *Sweetly Resting.* M. 8s. 7s.

In the rifted Rock I'm resting,
Safely sheltered I abide,
There no foes nor storms molest me,
While within the cleft I hide.

Cho.—Now I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me;
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in thee.

2 Long pursued by sin and Satan,
Weary, sad, I long'd for rest;
Then I found this heav'nly shelter,
Open'd in my Savior's breast.

3 Peace, which passeth understanding,
Joy, the world can never give,
Now in Jesus I am finding:
In his smiles of love I live.

4 In the Rifted Rock I'll hide me,
Till the storms of life are past,
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.

## 600 *Glory to His Name.* M. 9s & 4s.

Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

Cho.—Glory to His name. Glory to His name.
There to my heart was the blood applied.
Glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously sav'd from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where He took me in.
Glory to His name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have enter'd in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

## 601 *The Valley of Blessing.* P. M.

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And his perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO.–Oh come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fulness bestow—
And believe, and receive, and confess him,
That all his salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart,
And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

## 602 *Full Salvation.* M. 8s & 7s.

Precious Savior, thou hast sav'd me:
Thine and only thine I am:
Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Cho.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over:
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying at the cleansing fountain;
Dwelling in my Savior's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die to thee:
I will witness to thy glory
Of salvation full and free.

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;—
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!

## 603 *The Cleansing Wave.* C. M.

Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and Oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

## 604 *The Happy Pilgrim.* M. 7s. 6s.

I saw a happy pilgrim,
In shining garments clad,
Traveling up the mountain
It seemed that he was glad.
His back did bear no burden,
He'd laid it at the cross,
The blood of Christ his Savior
Had cleansed him from all dross.

Cho.—Then palms of victory
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall bear.

2 The summer's sun was shining,
But he had found a shield,
A covert in the desert
Upon life's battle field.
His soul was filled with glory,
As he kept pressing on,
He heard no other music
But what was heaven born.

3 No pleasure in sin's arbor
Could catch his eye or ear,
The precious name of Jesus
Was all he loved to hear.
Thus he kept pressing onward
Delighted with the way,
And shouted glory, glory
To Jesus all the day.

4 I saw him in the morning,
On Canaan's sunny plain,
Gathering for his Master
The rich and golden grain.

He bound it up in bundles,
Until the angels come
To gather in the harvest
In heaven his happy home.

5 I saw him in mid summer,
Still happy on his way;
He'd reached the land of Beulah
Where birds sing night and day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

6 I saw him in the evening.
Life's sun was bending low,
He'd reached the golden city
His robe still white as snow.
He joined the bridal cortege
And drank of the new wine,
And now among the angels
Eternally doth shine.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

605 *Union and Peace.* S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heav'nly hills,
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

606 *Christian Fellowship.* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sin, and toil, and pain,
Soon shall our souls be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

607 *Safety in Union.* C. M.

Jesus, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf if nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every wand'ring soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Yet, Lord, we scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

4 O, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

5 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

608 *Christian Love.* S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ, their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill will
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

609 *Beauty of Christian Love.* C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

610 *Love to the Saints.* S. M.

I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

2 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

3 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

4 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

5 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there!

## 611 *Love, the Test of Discipleship.* C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints,
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.

2 None who are truly born of God
Can live at enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true christians love;
And glorify our Savior's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

## 612 *The Magnet of Christ's Love.* C. M.

JESUS, united by the grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink,
Conform us to thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

## PRAYER AND WATCHING.

613 *Prayer and Watchfulness.* C. M.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid!
Help me to watch, and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength shall fail.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

## 614 *The Mercy-Seat.* L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows—
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;—
A place, than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,—
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin, and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still;
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

## 615 *Pray Without Ceasing.* L. M.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, or sins distress,
In every case still watch and pray.

5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail!
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

## 616 *What is Prayer?* C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,—
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;—
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinners's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angel's, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—"Behold, he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod,
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

617 *Prayer Divinely Inspired.* C. M.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourner here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

## PRIVATE DEVOTION.

618 *Secret Prayer.* C. M.

My lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.

2 I'll do as did my blessed Lord—
His footsteps I will trace;
I love to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.

3 Early I'll rise, and sing and pray,
While I the light enjoy;
May this blest work from day to day
My heart and tongue employ.

619 *Prayer at Twilight.* C. M.

I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
My cares and sorrows all to cast,
On him whom I adore.

4 Lord! when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

620 *Communion with God.* L. M.

FROM all the world and care set free,
I love to turn aside awhile;
I love to dwell, my God, with thee,
And leave behind whate'er is vile.

2 I love to ponder on thy word,
And think on thy majestic ways;
How Mercy holds th' impending sword,
And speechless matter utters praise.

3 I love to pray, and praying, praise,
And study o'er thy wondrous plan;
In silence I my song would raise,
And so exalt the great God-Man.

4 I fain would celebrate thy love,
With heart and soul, and all my pow'r;
Send but thy Spirit from above,
And bless the musings of this hour.

5 Thy presence gives a peace serene,
Thy smile a lasting joy attends;
Thy Spirit brightens every scene,
And joy with joy uniting blends.

621 *"Enter into thy Closet."* M. 7s. 6s.

GO WHEN the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

622 *Morning: Adoration.* L. M.

ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, filled with love and fear, adore
The awful sovreign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends thee one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly passing hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

# FAMILY DEVOTION.

## Morning Hymns.

623 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

Through all the dangers of the night
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Blest Savior, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes we see
Thy glorious face at last.

624 *A Morning Song.* C. M.

God of my life! my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thine almighty care
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

625 *Morning Tribute of Praise.* S. M.

See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

## 626 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My prayer to reach thine ear;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My help, forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day
Near thee, in perfect peace;
Help me to watch—to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;—
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Thus, while my moments smoothly run,
I'll sing my hours away,
Till evening shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

## 627 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

WHEN we, with welcome slumber press'd
Had clos'd our weary eyes,
A pow'r unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyful rise.

2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
Their long eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

3 But life to us its light prolongs—
Let warmest thanks arise;
Great God, accept our morning songs,
Our willing sacrifice.

628 *A Morning Hymn.* C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 How many souls from earth have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet God lengthens out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

629 *Morning Thanks.* M. 7s.

THOU who dost my life prolong!
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
Praising God who rules the skies.

2 Thou hast kept me through the night,—
'Twas thy hand restored the light;
Lord! thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous, as the morning dew.

3 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

630 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

631 *Praise the Lord.* C. M.

ARISE, my soul, and praise the Lord,
For all his rich supplies;
His goodness has again restor'd
My dormant faculties.

2 Raised from the slumbers of the night,
In which I helpless lay:
Lord, I adore thee for the light
Of this returning day.

3 I bless thee for thy gracious care,
Vouchsaf'd to me and mine;
O may we still thy goodness share,
And be forever thine.

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EVENING HYMNS.

632 *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 Preserv'd by thee, another day,
Another song we raise;
For Jesus' sake, accept, we pray,
Our gratitude and praise.

3 Now take us underneath thy wing—
Our God our guardian be;
That in the morning we may sing
Another hymn to thee.

633 *Evening Hymn.* M. 7s.

Now from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord I would converse with thee:
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Savior's love.

2 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r;
Grateful notes to thee I raise,—
O, accept my song of praise.

634 *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

In Jesus' name we come to thee,
Thou God of holiness!
For Jesus' sake, look down and see
Us at thy throne of grace.

2 We thank thee, Lord, for every good
Conferr'd on us and ours:
For house, apparel, health and food,
For all thy bounty pours.

3 O, take us in thy arms, and keep
Us through the silent night;
Give us refreshment in our sleep,
And fit us for the light.

635 *On Going to Rest.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we are possess'd.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

636 *An Evening Song.* C. M.

DEAR Savior, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

3 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Savior's breast.

## 637 *Saturday Night.* C. M.

BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

3 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

## 638 *Evening Contemplation.* M. 17s.

SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

## 639 *Evening: Gratitude and Trust.* C. M.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every fleeting hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,—
Of mercy, love, and pow'r.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from all harm:
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his mighty arm?

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy name.

## PRAYER MEETING.

640 *Opening of a Prayer-Meeting.* C. M.

WE'RE met, O Lord, before thy throne
To worship and adore—
And now to thee we raise our hearts,
Thy mercy to implore.

2 Mercy and grace is what we want
To fit us for the skies;
And grace we need whene'er we bring
Our humble sacrifice.

3 Without it, Lord, we cannot sing;
Nor know we how to pray,
Except by it we're truly taught
Both how, and what to say.

4 Then bow thine ear, and hear our pray'r,
Thy grace on us bestow;
So we will love and serve thee more,
While pilgrims here below.

641 *Invocation.* C. M.

COME, O thou King of all my saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls on wings of love
Mount upwards to the skies!

3 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

4 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day
That calls thy children home.

642 *Short and Fervent Prayer the Best.* C. M.

LORD in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne;
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep th' attention up
And make devotion sweet.

643 *The Gracious Promise.* L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise.

2 "There," says the Savior, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories 'round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

## 644 *A Blessing Invoked.* C. M.

TEACH us, O Lord, aright to plead
For mercies from above;
O, come and bless our souls indeed,
With light and joy and love.

2 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest;
That Israel's God who heareth pray'r
Will grant us our request.

## 645 *Teach us to Pray.* L. M.

TEACH us, O Lord, to sing and pray,
Whilst in these tenements of clay;
And never be asham'd of thee,
Who bled and died on Calvary.

2 And when to glory we attain,
We'll shout aloud the Savior's name,
Who bought our souls with precious blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

## 646 *Power of Prayer.* L. M.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## 647 *Come Let us Pray.* C. H. M.

COME, let us pray:—'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear;
Though sorrows crowd life's dreary way,
This is our solace—let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray:—the burning brow,
The heart opprest with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by pray'r:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O glorious thought!—come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray:—the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel;
But hark! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel;
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant:—then let us pray.

4 Come, let us pray:—the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent pray'r;
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us;—let us pray!

## 648 *Prayer for Wisdom.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask for wisdom—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart,
To us, thy servants, give.

## 649 *Sincerity in Prayer.* S. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 The Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Present our pray'rs above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest,
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Savior is,
And bliss is only there.

## 650 *Humble Petition.* C. M.

FATHER, behold with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Well pleased in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our pray'r,
To every conscience seal.

3 Refresh us with a ceaseless show'r
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect pow'r
Of everlasting love.

## 651 *My God will Hear me.* C. M.

TO THEE, O Lord, my heav'nly King,
Now will my soul draw near;
Thankful of this sweet truth to sing,
That thou, my God, wilt hear.

2 Though I am poor, and needy too,
And scarce know what to say;
And though my words are faint and few,
My God will hear me pray.

3 Through Christ I come, and mercy claim,
Who lives to intercede;
For in his dear and holy name
My God will hear me plead.

4 Hear me thou wilt, tho' doubts and fears
My soul should much cast down;
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sighs and tears
My God will hear me groan.

5 Then whilst my life and breath remain
I'll humbly persevere;
And when to glory I attain,
I'll praise my Savior there.

652 *I will not let Thee go.* C. M.

As Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now;
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
"Nor will I let him go."

2 I come encourag'd by the word,
That mercy thou wilt show:
Except thou bless me, blessed Lord,
"I will not let thee go."

3 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Tho' I have been thy foe;
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
"I will not let thee go."

4 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow;
Except these blessings, Lord, I prove,
"I will not let thee go."

653 *Throne of Grace.* C. M.

O Lord, to us, assembled here,
Reveal thy smiling face;
While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach a throne of grace.

2 Thy house is call'd a house of pray'r,
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the throne of grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race;
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the throne of grace.

4 Thy tender pity and thy love
Our every fear can chase;
And all our help, we then shall prove,
Comes from the throne of grace.

5 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
We bless thee for thy peace;
And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

654 *Prayer for Resignation.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

655 *Opening a Prayer Meeting.* C. M.

WE'VE met, dear friends, in Jesus' name;
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Savior's name proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'nly Dove,
His graces to diffuse around,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile:—

4 That when we part each one may say,
We met not here in vain;
For we have tasted heav'n to-day,
Nor could we more contain.

656 *Close of a Prayer Meeting.* M. 7s.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of Holy Joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Savior, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we grow from grace to grace,
Till we each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

657 *The Lord's Prayer.* S. M.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's pow'r,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

658 *Morning Prayer Meeting.* S. M.

HOW SWEET the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in pray'r.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

## 659 *Seeking God Early.* C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour—
That vision so divine!

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

## 660 *Morning Prayer.* C. M.

O MAY I love, at early day
To rise, when all is still,
And hear my Savior kindly say,
"Come, ask me what ye will."

2 O may I love to search his law,
To hear his words of love,
And feel his Spirit sweetly draw
My soul to "things above."

3 O may I love to ask in prayer,
His Spirit's guiding ray—
Through every scene of anxious care,
Through life's bewildered way.

4 Thus let me spend each rising hour,
Thus close my latest days,
Till I shall wake, to sleep no more,
Where prayer is changed to praise.

661 *Daily Devotion.* S. M.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

662 *Mid-Day Hour of Prayer.* C. M.

JESUS, this mid-day hour of prayer
We consecrate to thee,
Forgetful of each earthly care,
We would thy glory see.

2 We come thy presence to implore:
O teach us how to pray!
Impart to us thy Spirit's pow'r—
Thy saving grace display.

3 Baptize with energy divine
The contrite soul afresh;
O bow the stubborn will to thine,
And give the heart of flesh.

4 Unite our hearts, unite our tongues,
In lofty praise to thee;
Accept the tribute of our songs,
Thou Holy One in Three.

663 *Noon-Day Worship.* L. M.

How sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face:
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

664 *Noon-tide Prayer.* C. M.

From busy toil and heavy care
We turn the weary mind;
And in the place of noon-tide pray'r
Our sanctuary find.

Cho.—The mid-day hour, the noon-tide hour,
It is the hour of pray'r;
Our souls receive renewing pow'r,
For Jesus meets us there.

2 The voice that stilled the stormy waves
On distant Galilee,
Speaks once again, and at the sound,
Retires another sea.

The mid-day hour, &c.

3 The restless waves of care and strife
Obey the mighty voice;
Peace broods the quiet waters o'er,
And all our souls rejoice.

The mid-day hour, &c.

4 These heav'n-bright hours too soon are past;
Grant, Lord, this gerater boon:
A place where worship never ends,
Nor night succeeds to noon.

The mid-day hour, &c.

## FELLOWSHIP MEETING.

665 *Union with Christ.* P. M.

COME saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel;
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heav'nly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.

3 Then I began to pray and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly,
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I sought salvation for to buy,
But still I found no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And, O! what seasons I have seen,
E'er since I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always something found to say
About this heav'nly union.

6 Almighty God, teach heart and tongue
To thee to raise a grateful song;
All praises to thy name belong;
Let Zion sing, thy kingdom come,
And fill the world with union.

## 666 *Young Converts Testifying.* C. M.

DEAR Savior, we rejoice to hear
Young converts sweetly tell
How thou art pleased to save from sin,
From sorrow, death and hell.

2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name,
For grace so freely giv'n;
Still may they keep in Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heav'n.

## 667 *Rejoicings in Hope.* C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

668 *Relation of Christian Experience.* S. M.

COME, ye who fear the Lord,
And listen, while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense
Assailed by foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish roused me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried:
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O, may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God!
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

## 669 *Christ's Presence.* C. P. M.

"WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be," said God, "to bless,
And every burden'd soul redress,
Who worships at my throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

## 670 *Opening an Experience Meeting.* L. M.

NOW WE are met in holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare
The free compassion of a God,
The virtue of a Savior's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them now to tell
What they have felt, and what they feel;
O Savior, help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

671 *Close of an Experience Meeting.* L. M.

We now have heard our brethren tell
How they escaped the snares of hell
They all relate that conq'ring grace
Which gives them in the church a place.

2 The testimony they have giv'n,
Now proves that they are heirs of heav'n;
Like angels may they shine at last,
When all this storm of life is past.

## MISSIONARY MEETING.

672 *Prayer for Success.* L. M.

Millions there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound;
Lord, send it forth and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

2 Guide thou our lips, who stand to tell
Sinners to shun the way to hell;
To those who give, do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart.

3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share;
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliv'rance bring from guilt and hell.

## 673 *Missionaries Commended to God.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent pray'r,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their faithful labors bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resign'd,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour
Uphold them by thy grace;
And guard them by thy mighty pow'r,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, follow'd by a numerous train,
Gather'd from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

## 674 *Prayer for Missionaries.* L. M.

LIKE Abrah'm, to a land unknown,
Are our dear missionaries gone:
Obedient to the heav'nly call,
They leave their country and their all.

2 The various dangers by the way,
Perils and toils by night and day,
The boist'rous deep and death they brave,
The islands of the sea to save.

3 May their whole souls and selves be blest
In Abrah'ms God, with peace and rest,
In each distressing trying hour,
Be Abrah'ms God their shield and tow'r.

4 When they arrive at distant lands,
With Jesus' gospel in their hands,
O may the tidings of his love,
Salvation to the heathen prove!

## 675 *Condition of the Heathen.* M. 7s & 6s.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?

Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

## 676 *Prayer for the Success of Missions.* C. M.

LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power:
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heav'ns
Unnumbered choirs reply.

677 *Departure of Missionaries.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth;
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Savior's worth.

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping;
Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What though earth, by hell excited,
Should oppose the Savior's reign!
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men;
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 Though exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heavenly friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

## PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

678 *Invitation.* L. M.

I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home;
To taste the riches of God's love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! how the gospel trumpets sound,
Inviting sinners all around:
Behold, your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 A few days more, and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds of bliss with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

4 Come, now, poor sinner, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind;
In Christ redemption you shall find.

5 Take your companions by the hand,
And your connexion in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
For he can bless and save them all.

679 *Prayer for a Revival.* M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will turn to desolation,
Unless thou return again;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die; &c.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares; &c.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh; &c.

680 *Prayer for a Revival.* S. M.

O FOR the happy hour,
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving pow'r,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray;
We teach the saving word;
And yet we see no cheering ray;
No anxious voice is heard.

3 Thou, thou alone, canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the careless sinner live,
Anew, in holiness.

4 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall our neighbors all be thine,
Prepared for bliss above.

## 681 *Vision of Dry Bones.* L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these dead, dry bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 O let thy Spirit come and breathe
New life thro' all the realms of death!
Dry bones shall then obey thy voice,—
Shall move, shall waken, and rejoice.

## 682 *Prayer for a Revival.* L. M.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy minister's and people's pray'r;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies.

2 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Forgive our sins, and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

3 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

4 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when translated to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy minister's and people's prayer.

683 *Prayer for a Revival.* S. M.

REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
And send salvation down;
Let the sharp arrows of thy word
Transpierce the hearts of stone.

2 Ride in thy prosp'rous car,
Regain thy people lost;
Let thy right hand conduct the war,
Let vict'ry crown thy host.

3 Thy fainting saints revive;
Awaken them that sleep;
Make the dry bones arise and live,
And comfort all that weep.

4 Come, O ye winds of heav'n,
Breathe o'er this vale of death;
May the good Spirit, richly giv'n,
Fill all with praying breath.

## 684 *The Day of Pentecost.* M. 7s.

LO! THE day of pentecost
Dawns, the infant church to cheer;
Lo! the sacramental host
In the upper room appear.

2 Mighty faith each soul inspir'd
At the footstool of the throne;
Each the Comforter desir'd,
Agonized for this alone.

3 Hark! a mighty rush from heav'n,
As if tempests struggled there,
Till the azure vault was riv'n,
And its fragments filled the air.

4 Cloven tongues of fiery hue
Crowned the apostolic band:—
Holy Ghost, the sign renew;
Spread the fire through all the land.

5 Grant a pentecostal show'r;
Roll, O roll the mighty flood!
Jesus, by the Spirit's pow'r
Bring poor sinners back to God.

6 Let thy Spirit now inspire,
While the people flock to thee;
Shout, ye angels—strike the lyre;
Wake the general jubilee.

685 *Prayer for a Revival.* C. M.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

## REJOICING IN A REVIVAL.

686 *Joy over One Sinner that Repenteth.* C. M.

O how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ:
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

687 *Joy Over the Convert.* L. M.

Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies;

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

## 688 *Conversion Affords Joy.* L. M.

WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell their joys above the skies.

2 Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heav'nly sound:
This soul was dead, but now's alive:
This sheep was lost, but now is found.

3 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
For this unbounded love to men;
Let saints below and saints above
In concert shout the loud Amen!

## 689 *Sinners Coming Home.* C. P. M.

THE day has come, the joyful day—
At last the day has come,
That saints and angels joy display
O'er sinners coming home,
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Behold them coming home.

2 The saints of God fresh courage take—
Each one in faith now prays;
The hosts of hell with terror shake,
While God his power displays.
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Rejoice! they're coming home.

3 Backsliders too, begin to view
What traitors they have been,
Confessing, ask, "What shall I do?
And hell I feel within!"
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Praise God, they're coming home.

4 Encompass'd now our altars are
By those of burden'd soul;
They rush with eagerness, to share
The balm that makes them whole.
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Still more are coming home.

5 New trophies greet us every day,
Who spread the flame around,
While parents to each other say,
"Though lost, my child is found,"
They're coming home, they're coming home;
Bless God! they're coming home.

## 690 *Jailor's Conversion.* C. M.

LORD, we adore thy matchless ways
In bringing souls to thee;
We sing and shout eternal praise
For grace so full and free.

2 "What must I do," the jailor cries,
"To save my sinking soul?"
"Believe in Christ," the word replies—
Thy faith shall make thee whole.

3 "Believe, believe," the gospel cries,
"This is the living way;"
From faith in Christ our hopes arise,
And shine to perfect day.

4 Come, sinners, then, the Savior trust,
To wash you in his blood;
To change your hearts, subdue your lust,
And bring you home to God.

691 *The Work Progressing.* C. M.

Convinc'd of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day,
In which they scorn'd his word.

2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth;
And saints in pray'r cry, "Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth—

4 Pour down a show'r of thy great pow'r,
On every aching heart;
On all who try, and humble cry,
That they may have a part."

5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord;
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

692 *The Prodigal's Return.* C. M.

There's joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,—
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 "Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,"
Is a reviving sound;
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around!

3 Often, O, sov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day!
That Jesus here may triumphs view,
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thine own:
Thine be the praises too;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

## 693 *Souls Returning.* P. M.

RING the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.

*Chorus:*

Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring,
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain!
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

694 *The Jubilee.* C. M.

WHAT heavenly music do I hear?
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;
This is the jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All 'round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole!
This is the jubilee.

3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race!
Let christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace!
This is the jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace;
This is the jubilee.

5 Jesus is on his mercy seat;
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Savior flee;
The Spirit bids you welcome home;
This is the jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan, sing,
This is the jubilee.

## BACKSLIDING.

695 *Lament of the Backslider.* S. M.

How can I vent my grief?
My Comforter is fled;
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoy'd my Lord;
Liv'd happy in his love,
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 How little did I think,
When first I did begin,
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

4 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,—
But now I feel the snare.

5 My confidence is gone;
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.

6 I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet:
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand, or keep my seat.

7 O Savior, by the word,
Now turn my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restore,
Which I have sinn'd away.

## 696 *Loss of First Love.* C. M.

O THAT I were as heretofore,
When warm in my first love;
I only lived my God t' adore,
And seek the things above.

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things,
Triumphantly I rode;
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found, and talk'd with God.

4 Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory's swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain;
How shall I 'scape into thy breast?
My Eden how regain?

## 697 *Prayer for Restoring Peace.* S. M.

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face;
Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive!

## 698 *Mercy for the Backslider.* S. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, forbear,
Nor yield to black despair;
The Lord is ready still to hear,
The soul that is sincere.

2 What though thy sins be great,
And numberless are grown:
Despair will only aggravate,
And urge his vengeance on.

3 But if thou wilt return,
And humbly seek his face,
His anger shall no longer burn,
But thou shalt taste his grace.

4 Hear what his mercy said
To Jacob's seed of old!
When they from him revolting strayed,
And had forsook his fold:

5 "Return," saith he, "return,
O Israel, turn to me;
No more at my salvation spurn,
And I'll return to thee!

6 Thy backslidings I'll heal,
Thy sins I will forgive,
My pard'ning love again reveal,
And thou with me shalt live."

## 699 *Backsliding Lamented.* P. M.

AH! but where am I now?
And why was it and how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace!
I am brought into thrall;
I am stripped of my all;
I am banished from Jesus's face!

2 Hardly yet do I know,
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly started aside;
But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the vail has come over my heart.

3 Now no tongue can declare,
The keen torment I bear,
While no end of my troubles I see;
Only Adam could tell,
On the day that he fell,
And was turned out of Eden, like me.

4 Driven out from my God,
I now wander abroad;
Through a desert of sorrow I rove;
And how great is my pain,
That I can not regain
My lost Eden of Jesus's love!

5 Ah! shall I ever rise
To my first paradise?
Ever come my Redeemer to see?
Yes, I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

## 700 *First Love Lost.* C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Savior's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises turned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy can not fail—
Let me that mercy share.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

701 *Praise for National Blessings.* L. M.

ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow;
Life, health and strength, thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing show'r,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

5 Let every pow'r of heart and tongue
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
To praise the Majesty divine.

702 *Thanksgiving Day.* M. 7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;—

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse;—

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;—

5 These to thee, our God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## 703 *God's Bountiful Goodness.* C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

## 704 *God's Goodness Crowns the Year.* L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

## 705 *Civil and Religious Blessings.* M. 7s.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song—
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

3 Now to thee our joys ascend;
Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend;
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never find a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

## HARVEST HYMNS.

706 *Harvest Hymn.* C. M.

To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs;
He calls; and, at his voice came forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time;
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased, the husbandman beholds
The waving, yellow crop;
With joy he bears the sheaves away,
And sows again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and, with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then in the great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crown;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I in hope have sown.

## 707 *The God of Harvest.* P. M.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forest and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

708 *God Crowns the Year with Goodness.* L. M.

THY providence, great God, we praise,
How good and great are all thy ways!
Thy bounty crowns our passing years,
And dissipates our anxious fears.

2 Thy promise stands forever fast,
While sun and moon, and earth shall last;
The laws of season shall endure,
Till time and stars are known no more.

3 Summer and winter, cold and heat,
And night and day in order meet;
Seed-time, and harvest, each succeed,
To prove thy love—supply our need.

4 When years are past, and seasons o'er,
We still shall prove thy covenant sure;
And in the shining realms of bliss,
Adore thy goodness and thy grace.

## CAMP MEETING.

709 *Camp Meeting Hymn.* L. M.

CAMP MEETINGS with thy presence crown,
And show'r, O Lord, thy blessings down;
Fill every heart with holy zeal,
And all thy righteousness reveal.

2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide;
The praying companies attend,
And show thyself the sinner's Friend.

3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,
And visit thine anointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.

4 May prayer and praise united rise,
Like holy incense, to the skies;
In all the camp display thy pow'r:
That souls be saved each day and hour.

## 710 *The Tented Grove.* C. M.

LET Zion's sons, and Levi's tribe,
And Israel's army move;
Come now, prepare to offer prayer,
While in the tented grove.

2 Leave all the busy cares of life—
All worldly things behind;
That you may gather strength of soul,
And fortify the mind.

3 For Jesus surely will be here,
To fire our souls with love;
And we shall find our hearts inclin'd
To love the tented grove.

4 By faith we claim thy promise, Lord,
Thy faithfulness to prove;
Draw near to us, thou sinner's Friend,
While in our tented grove.

5 O sacred ground! delightful place,
Where God appears to man!
Like Moses, we behold his face
With but a vail between.

6 But when we rise to paradise,
To worship God above;
Then happier ground we all shall find,
Than in the tented grove.

## 711 *Close of a Camp Meeting.* C. M.

Now, brethren, to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God for what your ears have heard—
For what your eyes have seen;
Praise him for what has here occurr'd—
For all you feel within.

3 Improve the strength you here have gain'd,
To do God's holy will;
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
You've served your God for nought;
But grow in grace, from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell—and to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise to God a song.

# TABLE HYMNS.

712 *Grace Before Meat.* L. M.

BE present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere ador'd:
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

713 *Grace After Meat.* L. M.

BLESSINGS to God, forever blest—
To God, the Master of the feast—
Who hath for us a table spread,
And from his hand us creatures fed.

2 O, give us all a thankful heart;
Help us from evil to depart;
Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
Thy will to do, and follow thee.

714 *Praise for Daily Food.* L. M.

WE bless the Lord, the Just and Good,
Who kindly gives our daily food:
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 O, let us, then, with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

## WEDDING HYMNS.

715 *Marriage Hymn.* L. M.

WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite
In mutual love and pure delight.

2 O may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Happy in all things may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

3 So may they live, as truly one,
And, when their work on earth is done,
Rise hand in hand to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

716 *A Wedding Hymn.* C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,—
Of all rich dowries best:
Their substance bless; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their hearts unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 O may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee;
Clad in the robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity.

## 717 *Matrimonial Hymn.* M. 8s & 7s.

LORD, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

2 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
But we ask a greater favor—
May they be forever thine.

3 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sovereign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

4 Gracious Lord, from thy rich bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

## 718 *For a Blessing on the Union.* P. M. 7s.

FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One forever, Lord, with Thee.

## CONFERENCE HYMNS.

719 *Opening a Conference.* C. M.

COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called,
As ministers, to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O, may the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

## 720 *Increase of Ministers Desired.* S. M.

LORD of the harvest hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The laborers are few.

3 Raise up, and send forth more
Into the world abroad,
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God.

4 O, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim—
Thine all-redeeming love.

## 721 *A Blessing Invoked.* L. M.

INDULGENT God of love and pow'r,
Be with us at this place, and hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are combine
To forward objects so divine.

3 O, may we feel the worth of souls,
Be men of God, whom grace controls,
Fight the good fight, and win the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.

## 722 *Prayer for Unity.* C. M.

LORD, in thy presence here we meet:
May we in thee be found!
O, make the place divinely sweet,
And let thy grace abound.

2 With harmony thy servants bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do
May glorify thy name.

## 723 *Preachers Sent Forth.* S. M.

YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey:
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread a Savior's fame,
And tell his matchless grace;
Redemption by his blood proclaim
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

724 *Closing a Conference.* L. M.

WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Those whom we now to thee commend;
Their persons bless, their souls secure,
And make them to the end endure.

2 Gird them with all-sufficient grace,
Direct their feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help them to obey thy will.

3 Before them thy protection send,
O love them, bless them to the end;
Nor let them, as thy pilgrims rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame and fill their heart,
Through them thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

## DEDICATION HYMNS.

725 *Meeting for Dedication.* S. M.

WITHIN these walls, O God,
Thy people meet to-day;
To dedicate this house to thee,
To preach, to sing, and pray.

2 It has been reared, O Lord,
In honor of thy name;
Oh! may it stand a monument,
Of our Immanuel's fame.

3 The birth-place may it be,
Of many precious souls;
Thy saints here sanctify through grace,
With power thy truth unfolds.

4 Thy glory here make known,
Whene'er thy church shall meet;
To worship in this holy place,
Around thy mercy-seat.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from earth remove;
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

## 726 *House Built for God.* L. M.

HERE in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh, choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone!
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

## 727 *A Bethel Dedication.* L. M.

THIS bethel, now, eternal God,
We come to dedicate to thee;
O, let it be thy fixed abode,
And ever kept from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the pow'r of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here, the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,—
In every bosom fix thy throne.

## 728 *Dedication of a Bethel.* L. M.

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have rear'd for thee;
Regard it as thy resting place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 Now by thy presence sanctify
This earthly sanctuary, Lord;
And to its courts be ever nigh,
And here thy hallow'd name record.

3 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice;
Thyself our answ'ring God proclaim.

4 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.

5 Come, now, O Lord, our God, arise!
In this thy resting place appear,
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

## 729 *Dedication of a Place of Worship.* L. P. M.

WITHIN thy courts, O God, to-day
We come with songs of joy and praise!
Accept our homage, here, we pray,
The humble tribute which we raise;
And let the blessings of thy grace
Descend, and consecrate this place.

2 Thou, who of old didst condescend,
Between the cherubim to dwell,
Such tokens of thy presence send,
That future ages yet may tell
The wonders of thy matchless grace,
Displayed within this holy place.

3 We built this house with toil and care;
But vain the labors of our hands,
Except thy presence meet us here—
An empty monument it stands:
O let the visions of thy face,
Adorn and sanctify this place.

4 Here, by thy Spirit's mighty power,
O may our souls be often stirr'd!
And many a pentecostal show'r
Attend the preaching of thy word;
While listening throngs, with wonder trace
Thy glories in this sacred place.

730 *Dedication of a New Bethel.* M. 7s & 6.

HERE stands another bethel,—
Now finished and complete;
And here are church and people,
To occupy each seat.
How pleasant and how joyful,
To see the willing crowd,
Convened before Jehovah,
And in his presence bow'd.

2 Like Solomon and Israel,
We dedicate this house,
By holy acts of worship,—
By sacrifice and vows.

May Father, Son, and Spirit,—
The God we love and fear,
Display his power and glory,
And greatly bless us here.

3 May we the gospel's power
Here often realize;
May many be converted,
And fitted for the skies.
With grace's richest pasture
Thy flock here often feed;
And may this house in glory
The former one exceed.

4 Then ministers and people
Will always love to meet,
And worship in this temple
Before thy mercy-seat.
And whilst we wait together,
On consecrated ground,
O may our souls enraptured,
For glory meet be found!

## 731 *Jehovah's Presence.* L. M.

Not heaven's wide range of hallowed space
Jehovah's presence can confine;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.

2 It beamed on Eden's guilty days,
And traced redemption's wondrous plan;
From Calvary, in brightest rays,
It glowed to guide benighted man.

3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.

4 Be this, O Lord, that honored place,—
The house of God, the gate of heaven;
And may the fullness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.

5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar
To those bright courts where seraphs bend;
With awe, like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

## FRAILTY, SICKNESS AND DEATH.

732 *Serious Thoughts Under Affliction.* C. M.

My life declines, my strength is gone,
Disease and pains prevail;
Death threatens to arrest me soon,
My heart and flesh do fail.

2 Soon I must leave this body here,
Soon must my soul away;
O awful thought! my soul, prepare
For that tremendous day!

3 But how shall I prepare my heart,
Eternal life to gain?
Jesus, thy grace, thy strength impart,
For all I do is vain.

4 Renew'd and justified by grace,
Complete I then shall stand
Before th' almighty Father's face,
When he'll my life demand.

733 *Sickness and Death.* L. M.

MY soul, thy minutes haste away!
Apace comes on the final day,
When in the arms of icy death,
I must give up my vital breath.

2 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow,
The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death.

3 O come, my soul, the matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay?
And how the unknown region try,
And launch into eternity?

4 Cleanse me, O God, with blood divine;
Renew my heart and make me thine;
Then when th' important hour shall come,
My soul shall triumph o'er the tomb.

734 *Readiness for Death.* C. M.

MY FATHER, calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go;
With cheerfulness I bid farewell
To everything below.

2 My tender parents, kind and dear,
I bid farewell to you—
Though nature feels 'tis sad and hard
To speak the word "adieu."

3 But do not weep or grieve for me;
You know I must go home;
In heaven my smiling Savior sits,
And bids me thither come.

4 I can rejoice to leave this world
Of sorrow, sin and pain;
I know I'm washed in Jesus' blood,
And shall a crown obtain.

735 *Life Short, and Man Frail.* C. M.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures—earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

736 *The Tolling Bell.* L. M.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunge into a world unknown.

3 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

4 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be—
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

737 *Our Frailty.* C. M.

How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

## 738 *God our Preserver.* C. M.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
Our God and Maker just;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

## 739 *Assurance of Heaven.* C. M.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord:
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown that cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Will place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, will guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

## IMMORTALITY AND ETERNITY.

740 *Our Souls Immortal.* C. M.

THE sun, that lights the world, shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, who am immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth, and all its holds, have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or where deep darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, O, let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must forever be?

741 *The Soul.* C. M.

REMEMBER, man, thou hast a soul
The world can never buy;
And, while eternal ages roll,
I will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or, buried with the wicked, lie
Deep in the gulf of hell.

3 The soul, by numerous sins defiled,
Can never enter heaven,
Till it to God is reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven:

4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness;
Cleansed by the Savior's dying pains,
Renewed by sovereign grace.

5 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace,
That it may holy be—
Arrayed in thine own holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

742 *The Body and Soul.* S. M.

I BLESS my Maker's name,
The Good, the Wise, the Great!
From him my life and being came:
He, only, can create.

2 These active limbs of mine,
That serve me at my will,
Formed of the dust by power divine,
Show forth his wondrous skill.

3 This body will decay;
Thro' sin 'tis doomed to die;
And all these limbs of mine, one day,
Must in the cold grave lie.

4 But, O! I have a soul,
That death can never touch;
This world, if I could gain the whole,
Would not be worth so much.

5 In endless joy or pain,
My soul alive will stay:
My body, too, will live again,
At the great Judgment day.

6 Though sun and moon decay,
If Jesus be my friend,
Then, when I've passed life's fleeting day,
To heaven I shall ascend.

## 743 *The Land like Eden.* C. M.

THERE is a land, like Eden fair,
But more than Eden blest;
The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest.

2 There is a land, where small and great
Before the Lord appear;
The spoils of fortune, and of fate,
Whom heaven alone can cheer.

3 There is a land, where, star-like, shine
The pearls of Christ's renown;
And gems, long buried in the mine,
Are jewels in his crown.

4 There is a land, like Eden fair,
But more than Eden blest;
O for a wing to waft me there,
That I might be at rest.

## 744 *Eternity.* L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day?
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Lo! an eternity there is,
Of endless woe, or endless bliss:
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where? ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity?

4 Sinner, canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
And is death nothing, then, to thee—
Death and a dread eternity?

## 745 *A Lively Hope.* C. M.

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover 'round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And by my Savior's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Faint as they are below,
What rapture must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

746 *Death and Immediate Glory.* C. M.

THERE is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

## FUNERAL HYMNS.

747 *Death and Resurrection.* S. M.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine my flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall those vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

## 748 *Man's Future Destiny.* S. M.

And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

3 I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Savior dwell:
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else—depart to hell.

4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

5 Thou art thyself the way—
Thyself to me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will.

## 749 *The Righteous Blessed in Death.* L. M.

How bless'd the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies the wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How bless'd the righteous when he dies!"

## 750 *Death of a Young Child.* C. M.

ALAS! how chang'd that lovely flow'r,
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above?

3 From adverse blasts and low'ring storms,
Her favored soul he bore,
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

4 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who 'round the glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

## 751 *On the Death of a Child.* C. M.

WAKE up, my muse, condole the loss
Of those who mourn this day;
Let tears run down on every face
And every mourner pray.

2 The tyrant, death, came rushing in;
And here, his pow'r to show,
With icy hand he touched this child,
And laid its visage low.

3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please the parent's eye;
The tender plant, so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.

4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.

5 The winding sheet enfolds its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast;
To-day 'tis seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last;—

6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
The nations great and small;
When you and I the test shall stand,
Or at his presence fall.

## 752 *Death of a Child.* C. M.

LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

## 753 *Death of a Young Person.* C. M.

HOW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all his bloom!
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finish'd in the tomb.

2 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written—dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return.

3 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon,
Thy years may end their flight;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night.

4 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow mercy's open gate
May be forever barr'd.

5 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain—
The soul that early seeks my face,
Shall never seek in vain.

## 754 *Funeral of a Young Person.* C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd,
With awful power—"I too must die"—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly—
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

## 755 *Triumphant Death of a Brother.* P. M. 8s.

WEEP not for a brother deceas'd;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven has gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he has sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the bless'd shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

## 756 *Funeral of a Sister.* M. 8s & 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us:
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

## 757 *Death of a Sister.* P. M. 8s.

'Tis finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
A sister's entomb'd with the dead.
The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She's gain'd her soul's happy release.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life, here below.
Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtain'd—
She's gone her dear Savior to see,
Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
She's gone where she long wish'd to be.
Then let us forbear to complain,
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

## 758 *On the Death of a Pastor.* C. M.

Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And let our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Savior nigh?

2 What, though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What, though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

## 759 *Death of a Minister.* C. M.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not their death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The brighter crown shall wear.

5 And is not he who calls them home,
Still to his church most nigh,
To bid the other laborers come,
And all her need supply?

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

760 *Those Blessed who die in the Lord.* C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin releas'd,
They're freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

761 *Peaceful Death of the Righteous.* S. M.

O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Thro' long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give—
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

762 *Weep Not.* P. M.

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Smile, if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Weep not for me, when you stand 'round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have,
When I am gone—I am gone.

2 Shed not a tear, when you stand 'round my grave,
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Sing a sweet song unto him who doth save,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb, who on earth once was slain;
Sing to the Lamb, who in heaven doth reign;
Sing, till the world shall be filled with his name,
When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Come, at the close of a bright summer day;
Come, when the sun sheds its last ling'ring ray;
Come, and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
When I am gone—I am gone.

## BURIAL HYMNS.

763 *A Burial Hymn.* C. M.

Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell!

2 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh:
For know, that heav'n or hell is hung
On that important day!

3 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

4 O, may I in the Judge behold
My Savior and my Friend;
And then, triumphant over death,
With all his saints ascend.

## 764 *Meditation on the Tomb.* C. M.

How STILL and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed place, by heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

3 All, level'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

4 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head.

## 765 *Death and Burial of Saints.* L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds;—nor mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till, from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust:—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

## 766 *Burial of the Righteous.* C. M.

WHY should we mourn the sainted dead,
Whom God has taken home—
Why should we weep, and tears be shed,
When buried in their tomb?

2 They're gone from sorrow and from pain;
They've bid this world adieu;
With Jesus they are gone to reign,
In worlds forever new.

3 There they await, in heavenly bliss,
Our last expiring breath;
That we may dwell where Jesus is,
Beyond the reach of death.

4 Then let us live for that bright state,
To which our friends have gone;
Where holy scenes their hearts elate,
Around the Father's throne.

## 767 *Burial of Christian Friends.* C. M.

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble, to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:—
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

## 768 *Hoping to Meet Again.* C. M.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all their tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains.

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah, let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

3 Jesus, who left his blessed abode,
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Marked, when he rose, the shining road
To his bright courts on high.

4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent, happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

## 769 *Few are thy Days.* C. M.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust shalt thou return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state,
In flowers that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

4 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

## 770 *Clothed with Immortality.* P. M.

SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:—

Thus the mighty Savior speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 Pris'ner, long detained below,
Pris'ner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe:
Welcome to a land of rest:
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise;
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

## 771 *Asleep in Jesus.* L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

## 772 *Death of a Babe.* M. 7s.

LOVELY babe, how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day:
Ending soon thy journey here,
Pain and grief no more to bear.

2 Hard it is for thee to part,
For it rends the aching heart;
But an heir of glory's gone,
Let the will of God be done.

3 Pillowed on a Savior's breast,
Sweetly sleep, and softly rest;
Soon the morning shall restore
The buried babe we now deplore.

## 773 *Death of a Pastor.* S. M.

REST from thy labor, rest;
Soul of the just, set free;
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love—prompt to act, and quick to feel—
Marked thee, till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er—
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go—as each hath gone before—
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands;
We were not his, but thine.

5 Thou art thy church's head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead;
To thee we lift our eye.

6 On thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock;
Send who thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

774 *The Death of a Brother.* M. 8s & 7s.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us;
Where thy saintly soul is flown
Tears are wiped away forever,
And all sorrow is unknown:

2 From the burden of the body,
From all care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 O'er the toilsome way thou'st traveled,
And endured the heavy load;
Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid
Safely to his blest abode.

4 Thou art resting now, like Laz'rus,
On the heavenly Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

## RESURRECTION.

775 *Exulting in the Resurrection.* C. M.

When the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd;
And death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, quits the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:—
O grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O death, thy sting?

## 776 *Resurrection of the Christian.* C. M.

MY FAITH shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Savior, comes.

2 Ere long I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

3 When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see:
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

4 How long, dear Savior! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
O hasten thine appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

## 777 *Resurrection from the Grave.* L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy pow'r to save?

2 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And O, shall man awake no more
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rung.

4 The trump shall sound, the dust awake;
From the cold tomb, the slumb'rers spring;
Through heav'n, with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior and their King.

## 778 *Triumph over Death.* L. M.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just;
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear,
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

3 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace
With pleasure and surprise.

## 779 *The Resurrection.* M. 6s & 5s.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

2 And when the bright morning
In splendor shall come,
Our tears will cease flowing,
Our sorrows be gone.

3 The bridegroom from glory,
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.

4 The graves will be opened,
The dead shall arise,
And, with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies.

## JUDGMENT.

780 *Reflections on the Judgment.* C. M.

And must I be to Judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O, let me feel thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

## 781 *Christ Coming to Judgment.* M. 8s, 7s, & 4

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
That they now condemn'd must be.

3 Now the Savior, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

4 Mighty King, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly,—
Reign, Lord Jesus, reign alone!

## 782 *The Lord Will Come.* L. M.

THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake:
The hills their ancient seats forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A quiet Lamb, to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be he, once wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd and mocked by pride—
The Nazarene—the Crucified!

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

## 783 *Judgment Day.* M. 11s, 7s & 4s.

THE judgment day is coming, coming, coming,
The judgment day is coming,
O that great day!

CHO.—Let us take the wings of the morning,
And fly away to Jesus;
Let us take the wings of the morning,
And sound the jubilee.

2 We'll hear the trumpet sounding, sounding,
We'll hear the trumpet sounding, [sounding,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

3 We'll see the Judge descending, descending,
We'll see the Judge descending. [descending,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

4 We'll see the dead arising, arising, arising,
We'll see the dead arising,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

5 We'll hear the thunder rolling, rolling, rolling,
We'll hear the thunder rolling,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

6 We'll see the lightning blazing, blazing, blaz-
We'll see the lightning blazing, [ing,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

7 We'll hear the wicked wailing, wailing, wail-
We'll hear the wicked wailing, [ing,
On that great day.

Cho.—For they took not the wings of the morn-
Nor flew away to Jesus; [ing,
For they took not the wings of the morn-
Nor sang the jubilee. [ing,

8 W'ell hear the righteous shouting, shouting,
We'll hear the righteous shouting, [shouting,
On that great day.

Cho.—For they took the wings of the morning,
And flew away to Jesus;
For they took the wings of the morning,
And sang the jubilee.

784 *Judgment Scenes.* P. M.

PARENT's and children there may part,
Parents and children there may part,
Parents and children there may part,
May part to meet no more.

CHO.—O, there will be mourning!
Mourning—mourning—mourning!
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ!

2 Wives and husbands there may part, &c.

3 Brothers and sisters there may part, &c.

4 Friends and neighbors they may part, &c.

5 Pastors and people there may part, &c.

6 Devils and sinners there will meet, &c.

7 Saints and angels there will meet, &c.

O, there will be shouting! &c.

785 *Final Separation at the Judgment.* C. M.

BEHOLD! that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away,
And christians gathered home:—

2 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless pain,
With groans, and shrieks, and bitter cries,
Never to rise again:—

3 "O father, see my bleeding hands!"
"Mother, behold! your child
Against you now a witness stands,
With all its sins defiled:

4 The child, perhaps, its parents views,
Sink headlong down to hell—
Gone with the rest of Satan's crews,
And bid the child—"Farewell;"

5 The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries—
"My husband, fare you well;"

6 But O, perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,—
While she is crowned above!

## 786 *Judgment in Prospect.* S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace—
His wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

## 787 *Judgment in Prospect.* M. 8s. 7s & 4.

See th' eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on the throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom:—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain,
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
O that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever!
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

## 788 *Appearance of the Judge.* L. M.

He comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound!
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Gird with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Savior's face.

3 Descending on the great white throne,
He claims the kingdom for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

## HELL.

789 *Hell.* L. M.

HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound!
It chills the heart and shocks the ear,
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies!
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphureous vapors rise.

3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart:
And woe and wrath, in every form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

4 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And bite their everlasting chains:
And with their rage, their torments grow;
Resentment but augments their pains.

5 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear
Hopeless in all those pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation—grief, despair—
And ever dying—never die?

6 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O! let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Savior and my God."

## 790 *The Gloomy Regions.* C. M.

FAR from the utmost verge of day
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play—
The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God—his angry breath—
Supplies and fans the fire;
There sinners taste the second death,
And would—but can't expire.

3 Conscience the never-dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And woe, and wrath, in every form,
Are now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world indeed! ah, who can bear
Forever there to dwell—
Forever sinking in despair
In all the pains of hell!

## 791 *The Land of Horror and Despair.* L. M.

WITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue,
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.

4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.

5 The guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Savior's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey the Savior's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

792 *Where their Worm Dieth Not.* M. 8s & 7s.

SINNER, can you slight the Savior,
Press your downward way to hell,
Sink your priceless soul forever,
Where the lost in anguish dwell?

2 Conscience is a worm undying,
Guilt an everlasting fire;
Hope, its blessed beam denying,
Must from that dark world retire.

3 In that prison, endless moanings,
Blasphemies and madness dwell;
Chains of darkness, shrieks and groanings,
This, O sinner, this is hell.

4 Sinner, can you slight the Savior,
Press your downward way to hell,
Sink your priceless soul forever,
Where the lost in anguish dwell.

## 793 *Extremes of Heaven and Hell.* L. M.

In what confusion earth appears—
God's dearest children bathed in tears!
While they, who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end how different! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell:

3 See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine;
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain;

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abrah'm's breast, he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

## HEAVEN.

794 *The Spirit Land.* C. M.

O YES, there is a happier shore,
A land of sweeter bliss!
More radiant, bright and beautiful,
And lovelier far than this.

2 Where stainless spirits wander free,
In shining garments clad;
And every eye is lit with joy,
And every heart is glad.

3 No pain or sorrow ever can
Enter this world so fair,
No scenes of woe, oft felt below,
Are ever witnessed there.

4 This blissful region ever was,
And ever still shall be;
And never will it pass away,
Through all eternity.

5 It is the weary pilgrim's home,
The rest to wand'rers given:
The great rewards of holy souls,
The christians' future heaven.

795 *The Realms of the Blest.* P. M. 8s.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,—
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd:
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,—
Its walls, decked with jewels so rare,—
Its wonders and pleasures untold:
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,—
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,—
The robes which the glorified wear,—
The church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, amidst gladness or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that heavenly rest,
To Jesus, our Savior and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

## 796 *My Heavenly Home.* P. M.

My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Cho.—I'm going home, to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

## 797 *The Promised Land.* C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

## 798 *The Happy Land.* P. M.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O, how they sweetly sing,—
Worthy in the Savior King!
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be!
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

## 799 *The Promised Land.* C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickening ray;
But glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

## 800 *My Father's House.* C. M.

THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;—

2 My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.

4 There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

5 Lord, help us, by thy mighty grace,
To keep in view the prize,
Till thou dost come to take us home,
Where pleasure never dies.

801 *Jerusalem the Believer's Home.* C. M.

JERUSALEM, my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend—
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

## 802 *Children in Heaven.* C. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair—
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

3 Because the Savior shed his blood
To wash away their sins;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

4 Saved here on earth by Jesus' grace,
In honor of his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

## 803 *Cheering Prospect of Heaven.* C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore. [flood,

804 *Future Life.* S. M.

THE earth is not our home,
Our dwelling is on high—
In the bright city of our God,
Away, beyond the sky.

2 The Lamb of God is there,
Who was for sinners slain;
There we shall see him face to face,
There evermore remain.

3 There is the tree of life,
And there the fount of love!
Our spirits long, O Lord, to flee
To that bright world above.

4 There, every woe shall cease,
And every tear be dried;
There, hope be lost in certainty
And every want supplied.

805 *The Glorified Saints.* M. 7s.

WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause:
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore, are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

## PARTING HYMNS.

806 *A Parting Hymn.* C. M.

THROUGH Christ, when we together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

2 We part in body, not in mind,—
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We happily go on.

3 Present in spirit still we are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and pray'r
We Abba, Father! cry.

807 *Parting.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Savior's name;
Let every Tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow;
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

808 *Good Night.* C. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
Still in God's ways delight;
And grace, and peace shall be with you;
Good night, dear friends, good night.

2 We part, though often here we meet,
And feel a great delight;
Then let us hope we'll meet at home;
Good night, dear friends, good night.

3 But when we meet in heaven above,
With joy we'll all unite,
To sing of Christ's redeeming love,
And never say, good night.

809 *Christians Loth to Part.* C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every soul remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne
Shall joyous meet above.

810 *About to Part.* S. M.

AND let our bodies part—
To different climes repair:
Inseparately joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

3 O, happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

4 The church of the first born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 To gather home his own,
God will his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

## 811 *The Parting Blessing.* M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing:
Send it down, Lord, from above:
May we part, thy love possessing,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our folly,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

## 812 *A Parting Hymn.* C. M.

BLESS'D be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit, to our Head,
Where he appoints, we'll go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
That we may ever strength receive,
Through his abounding grace.

## 813 *At Parting.* M. 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

## 814 *A Farewell Hymn.* L. M.

MY dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band;
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company is sweet and dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

## 815 *Taking Leave of a Brother.* M. 7s & 6s.

FAREWELL!—serve God, dear brother,
Where'er thy home may be:
Serve him, where'er thou travel,
Whether by land or sea.

2 This is thy bounden duty,
As thou canst clearly see,
In nature's book, and Bible,
The school-books of the free.

3 These blessed books to study,
Be all thy heart's delight;
Life, peace, and free salvation,
Come through their heavenly light.

4 But most of all, live holy;
Do good to all mankind;
Then, when your days are ended,
The crown of life you'll find.

## 816 *No Parting in Heaven.* C. M.

BRETHREN and sisters, we must part,
And to our callings go;
But let us still be one in heart,
Whilst we remain below.

2 Below we soon may meet no more:
But we shall meet above:
Where pains and partings are no more—
In the blest world of love.

3 With Christ we shall in paradise,
To endless ages dwell;
Where saints rejoice in ceaseless strains,
And never say, "Farewell."

## DISMISSION.

817 *Dismission.* M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph, in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

## 818 *Dismission.* L. M.

DISMISS us, with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are faulty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

## 819 *Parting Hymn.* L. M.

COME, christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God, to raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more!
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

# DOXOLOGIES.

820 *Praise from all Creatures.* L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

821 *Adoration from all Creatures.* L. M.

TO GOD the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

822 *Adoration to Jehovah.* C. M.

TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

823 *The Trinity Adored.* C. M.

NOW LET the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

824 *Ascription of Praises.* S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

825 *Co-equal Honors.* S. M.

TO THE eternal Three
In will and essence One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honors done.

826 *Honor, Praise, and Glory to God.* S. P. M.

TO GOD, the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given:
To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
From all on earth and all in heaven.

827 *Universal Praise to God.* M. 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

828 *The Trinity Enthroned.* M. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God, the Father—God, the Son—
God, the Spirit—join'd in glory,
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

829 *Weep not for me.* L. M.

WEEP not for me, my friends so dear,
Nor shed for me the sorr'wing tear;
I am not dead, but only sleep;
My silent slumber, Oh how sweet!

2 No longer is my mortal frame
The seat of suff'ring, grief and pain;
Serene and tranquil is my sleep,
My lonely slumber, Oh how sweet!

3 Ye who around my grave do tread,
Ye too must die and here be laid;
Oh, then prepare your God to meet,
Ere summoned to his judgment seat.

830 *Kneeling at the Threshold.* M. 14s

I AM kneeling at the threshold, so weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
I am waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To his all-glorious presence, the gladness of his home.

*Chorus:*

I'm kneeling at the threshold, so weary, faint, and sore,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is on the door.

2 Oh, a weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and night, [right;
Bearing many a burden and struggling for the
Now the morn of heaven is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er; [on the door.
I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is

3 Oh, methinks I hear the voices of loved ones as they stand,
Singing in the gloaming of the bright and better land;
Soon I'll join the blood-washed legion and stand amid the throng;
I'll mingle in their worship and I'll join their happy song.

## 831 *We'll Wait till Jesus Comes.* C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home.

CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.

2 To Jesus Christ I'll flee for rest;
He bids me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conducts me home.

3 I'll seek at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave life's stormy tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

832 *Jesus on the Cross.* M. 8s & 7s.

HERE it was the Lord of glory
At Golgatha died for me,
Here I read the wondrous story
Of his death for me.

2 Here his hands and feet all bleeding,
Fast were nailed unto the cross;
Here his wounds for me were pleading,
When my gain was all his loss.

3 Here by God he was forsaken,
When he took the sinner's place;
For his sake I now am taken
Into favor under grace.

4 Here the sword of Justice slew him,
That I might be justified;
Praise the Lord I ever knew him,
That for me he bled and died.

833 *Almost Persuaded.* P. M.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day,
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not a-way.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear;
O, wand'rer come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost, *but lost!*"

## 834 *What a Friend we have in Jesus.* P. M.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden
Cumbered with a load of care;
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

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